Vol. CXXXIII. No. 1726.

The Triplex -and be safe HILLMAN do

THE BYSTANDER, JANUARY 13, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

STAGE SOCIETY GOLF FILMS FASHIONS

Winter Sports : News and Pictures

Weddings and Engagements

1/-

By Appointment.

PARIPAN
ENAMEL

"The more you wash it the better it looks."

BRITISH OWNED AND BRITISH MADE.
PARIPAN LIMITED, LONDON.

FOR INDIGESTION AND STOMACH TROUBLES...
Drink it at meals and during the day
VICHY-CÉLESTINS
The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water
OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

BOLLINGER
BY APPOINTMENT TO KING GEORGE V
CHAMPAGNE
1928 VINTAGE and SPECIAL CUVÉE.

BOLS CRÈME DE MENTHE • BOLS CHERRY BRANDY • BOLS DRY ORANGE CURACAO • BOLS KUMMEL • APRICOT BOLS •
KÜMMEL PLEASE
BOLS
1575
OF COURSE
—it's the finest digestive

10 YEARS OLD
HIGHLAND QUEEN
MACDONALD & MUIR, Scotch Whisky Distillers, LEITH, EDINBURGH; also GLASGOW and LONDON.

HENRY WHITE & CO'S RED HEART RUM LONDON
RED HEART
OLD JAMAICA
RUM
THE GREATEST FOE OF 'FLU and CHILLS COUGHS and COLDS and WINTER ILLS.

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED.
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

PRICE ONE SHILLING : By Inland Post 1s 1½d. OFFICES—LONDON : 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4. PARIS : 65-67, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris, viii. Regd. at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

The Days Are Longer At

SESTRIÈRES

YOU can cram your holiday with ski-ing at this smart resort in the Italian Alps—the sun lasts longer because it's so far south, and the snow is always good, because of the altitude (6,600 ft.). Three funiculars assure you a maximum of downhill ski-ing—no time lost in toilsome ascents—and if you're just a beginner you will learn rapidly on the gentle slopes at Hans Nöbel's Ski School. The hotels are modern and inexpensive—especially at the new exchange rates:

Lire 99 to the £

And Sestrières is only 18 hours from London.

Further information at all tourist agencies.

SESTRIÈRES

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) (Temple Bar 3161.)

Daily at 2 and 7.30.

"CINDERELLA."

EDNA BEST, MADGE ELLIOTT, DOUGLAS WAKEFIELD, LUPINO LANE, ANONA WINN, etc.

BRITISH HOTEL

DO YOU KNOW

a large seaside hotel, first-class in every respect that is comfortably full of charming people all the year round?

THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

is the answer. The moderate charges and the high standard of luxurious comfort supply the reason. The illustrated tariff tells you all about it.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. *'Phone: Hastings 869.*

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

ASCOT

When in Paris, don't get homesick for a real British Bar—just drop in at the ASCOT, 66, rue Pierre Charron, in the Champs-Elysées quarter, and you'll think you have crossed the Channel! Cheerio and all that. Moderate prices too. Remember the name!

NICE.

HOTEL CONTINENTAL

High-class Residential Hotel.

OPEN ALL YEAR ROUND. Man. Dir.: Mme. LUIGI.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Menton.—Hotel Atlantic & Malte.—1st class yet moderate. Central and sunny in nice garden.

Menton.—Splendid Hotel (Sta Maria). On sea front, sunny & sheltered. Comf. family Home Pension. £2 15 0. Swiss Proprietor.

Menton.—Hotel Stella Bella.—Full south on sea front, own garden. From Frs. 35 inclusive.

Cap d'Ail.–(Nr. Monte Carlo)–Eden Hotel.– 200 rms. on sea. Park 12 acres. Tennis. Own beach. Free bus to M.C. Franco-Brit. Mangt.

Monte Carlo.–Le Grand Hotel.–350 Rooms, 280 Bathrooms. Entirely renovated 1934. Inclusive from 60 frs. With bath from 75 frs.

Monte Carlo.—The Mirabeau.—A home away from home. Unrivalled situation. No increase in terms. F. Schipper.

Monte-Carlo.—Hotel Prince de Galles.— Beautifully Situated. Large garden. Strictly First-class. Pension from 55 Frs.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Royal—All comforts, full south, garden overlooking sea. Pension remains from Frs. 55 or 10/6.

GERMANY.

Garmisch.–Bavarian Alps.–**Sonnenbichl.–Golf Hotel.**–facing the Zugspitze, first-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–Wld. renwd. Fin. pos. opp. pk. & Op'r. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. by best Brit. Soc. Pens. from 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comf. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Rose.–World-renowned Hotel. Own bathing estab. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.–The Beau-Rivage.–With its open-air Rest. Ter. on lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. Most comf. Prices reduc. Rms. fr. Sw. Frs. 6.50.

Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from Frs. 5.50.

Lausanne.–Belvedere House–Best position, First-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive from £4 0.0.

Wengen—Grand Hotel Belvedere (Winter-sports). Modern, all comf., sunny terraces, indoor amusements, full pen. incl. aft. tea £1.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel—The leading hotel of the Jungfrau district. At its best in February and March. F. Borter, prop.

"Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy has the secret of exquisiteness. With it, you reach perfection in home entertaining."

Little Lady Liqueurs

Share my Secret

Welcome Always
Keep it Handy—

GRANT'S

MORELLA

CHERRY BRANDY

QUEEN'S SWEET - SPORTSMAN'S DRY

"I used to be subject to very severe colds"

"I used to be subject to very severe colds, but since using Vapex I have always been able to check them . . ."
Lymington, Hants.

You too can be free from the misery of "one cold after another." Breathe Vapex from your handkerchief or pillow. It penetrates every recess of nose and throat: clears the head: relieves congestion: kills the germs: stops the trouble at its source.

VAPEX

TRADE MARK

INHALANT

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V 144 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

Advertisers would appreciate your mentioning
THE BYSTANDER
when replying to their announcements.

£30 to £5000 lent
Without any Security to Ladies or Gentlemen.
Write:
RICHMOND INVESTMENTS, LTD.,
4, The Green, Richmond, Surrey.

Private CASH Advances
By W. H. DURHAM LIMITED,
14, Clifford St., London, W.1. Est. 1913.
£50 to £5,000
Without Security.

No. 1726. Vol. CXXXIII.

The Bystander

Houston Rogers

Florence Desmond—Principal Boy of "Mother Goose"

Mother Goose is the gold-founded pantomime at the Hippodrome and Florence Desmond is playing principal boy for the first time in her life. She 's had a pretty active year despite her illness and the tragic death of her husband, Campbell Black; 1936 New Year saw her in *Seeing Stars*, then in May she played one of the leads in young Douglas Fairbanks's film, *Accused*. In the summer she was at the Holborn Empire, in the autumn at the Victoria Palace, and now—pantomime. All the last three engagements have incorporated her clever impersonations; this photograph of her is as Bergner, not included in *Mother Goose*; but Dietrich, Hepburn and Donald Duck are. George Lacy is the dame, Lucienne and Ashour the fly-about dancers, Markova and Dolin their classic counterparts. But Miss Desmond doesn't find principal boy-ing all beer and skittles: she has six or seven changes and her fingers are badly blistered from pulling on tights

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Anglo-Italian agreement is a baffling document. At one moment it seems to mean quite a lot. At another it seems to mean less than nothing. For example, Signor Mussolini's guarantee not to infringe the territorial integrity of Spain, whatever happens in the civil war, was very satisfactory. It meant that Port Mahon, the brand-new, up-to-date naval base in Minorca, would not become an Italian harbour. But at the very moment when the Agreement was being concluded, large Italian reinforcements were arriving in Spain to assist General Franco. If Port Mahon were to be "lent" by Franco to Italy, Spanish territorial integrity would not be infringed, and the Anglo-Italian Agreement would not be violated. But it might just as well not have existed. In effect, Mr. Eden has done what no one believed was possible. He has allowed the Duce to get away with his diplomatic triumph without having to make any real concessions in Spain.

BUT the British Government, having once done this extraordinary thing, trusting apparently to Signor Mussolini's gentlemanliness in observing a Gentleman's Agreement, then took more active steps to retrieve the situation. A sharply peremptory note was sent to Berlin and Rome, asking for a reply within a fixed number of days to the Anglo-French Note about "volunteers." The result was remarkable in one way. The two dilatory Dictators tumbled over each other in their promptitude to reply. But the contents of their replies were not half so satisfactory as their promptitude. They have agreed in principle to assist in stopping the flow of "volunteers" to both sides in Spain, but they have, as anyone familiar with dictator-diplomacy might have expected, tacked on some conditions which make their agreement more or less of a farce. For example, they insist that all "volunteers" at present in Spain should be withdrawn. This would take months and months to accomplish, even were it possible at all, which it probably isn't. Another condition is control "on the spot," i.e., in Spain itself. This, again, is extraordinarily difficult to organise. Why not, if the two Governments are sincere, organise control upon the high seas, plus the closing of the French-Spanish frontier. This would be effective, and that is the real, and sole, argument against it. The conditions laid down by Berlin and Rome are obviously designed to gain time in the Non-Intervention Committee, while more reinforcements can be sent to the insurgents.

IN the meantime, it is strongly rumoured that Germany, under steady pressure from the General Staff, is turning its eyes away from the Peninsula itself towards Morocco. There is much trouble and little gain in the former, and vice versa in the latter. A German occupation of the north coast of Morocco would give Hitler a wonderful bargaining counter for such things as the return of the former colonies or the upsetting of the balance of power in the Mediterranean.

Indeed, a German Morocco would have a vast influence upon world affairs. Submarine bases would lie, not only across the British route to India, but also across the French line of transport of their African army to Europe. The effect of this would be to reduce at one stroke the potential power of the Entente-Cordiale in the West. No wonder Paris is becoming restive, and no wonder that the idea of a naval blockade of Spain is being freely canvassed.

ALTHOUGH Germany and Italy are taking a common standpoint over the Spanish crisis and have consulted each other before replying, nevertheless Italy cannot help being a little uneasy about her new diplomatic colleague. In the pre-war diplomacy of Italy, it was always an axiom that friendship with Britain was essential to a country with Italy's coastline, and it was on this axiom that Italy ratted from the Triple Alliance. The position is still the same in principle. A quarter of a million Italians, including a vast number of technical experts, are locked up in Abyssinia, and the line of communication from Rome to Massawa is completely at the mercy of the British Admiralty. This must always be a factor in the back of Mussolini's mind.

AS if Spain, and Germany's various alarms and excursions, and frantic rearmament everywhere, were not enough for our poor nerves, a new threat of trouble comes from Syria. Kemal Ataturk wants the port of Alexandretta. France wants to hand it over to the new independent nation of Syria. Kemal is now reported to be massing troops and preparing a coup d'etat. If he does try any monkey business, presumably the French will defend themselves, and Alexandretta. And then what? Fun and games all over the Middle East I should imagine, with anti-British Arabs in Palestine and the new anti-British Government in Irak joining in with jolly whoops. If the worst does not come to the worst (though it usually does in this dismal world), Turkey will not fight, but will probably withdraw from the League of Nations. Either alternative is bad. Turkey's influence in the Levant is of considerable importance to Britain, and if it is thrown into the scales on the side of the non-League Powers, it would be a great pity. Perhaps, however, Russia will be able to keep her in line.

GERMAN portrait-painters are forbidden henceforward to paint family-portraits with less than four children. Up

The Duke of Aosta and His Daughters

The Duke of Aosta and his small daughters, Princess Margherita and Princess Maria Cristina, have been ski-ing at Cervinia in Italy. He was educated in England, joined the Italian Army as a private during the war, became an officer, saw long active service on the Carso front. After the war he worked for Lever Bros. in Africa, rising from workman to executive. Has commanded a Camel Corps in Tripoli, later transferred to the air force and is now a general

Curling Attitudes: Two Celebrities on the Wengen Rink

Sir Robert Horne accompanies a stone along the Wengen rink, ready to sweep when the "skip" gives orders

Sir Percy Bates, chairman of the Cunard-White Star, is another curling regular at Wengen

to now, apparently, the usual quota per picture was only two, and if this idea is allowed to get about, that a couple makes an adequate family, the German Reich is doomed. At least, so the Chamber for the Classic Arts thinks. The only point of real interest from the artistic point of view (Art for Art's sake being long out of fashion), is whether German painters charge so much per head, or a flat rate per picture. If the former they are in clover; if the latter, they ought quickly to alter the "custom of the trade."

THE familiar Roscoff onion-boys are with us again. Year by year their manners grow worse and their insolence more brazen. If you refuse to buy from them they no longer smile cheerily and move on with a word of farewell. They now stand and argue, scowling, and ultimately depart muttering furiously. They used to be pleasant visitors. Now they are much more inclined to be pests. And anyway what is wrong with the British onion?

I STOPPED in Bloomsbury the other day to inspect the drawings of a pavement-artist. They were very bad, but the artist himself disarmed all criticism by his charming admissions. "That 's his present Majesty, sir. Not a bit like him, is it?" And, "That 's Lord Astor's Derby horse. You wouldn't believe it, would you?" But on one point he was adamant. He proudly displayed a picture of Napoleon riding through the snow at the head of his men. "After Mussoneer, sir. Boney crossing the Alps on the retreat from Moscow in 1804." After a long argument, he produced the top card. "If that didn't happen in 1804, what did?" And, of course, I couldn't tell him, because nothing happened in 1804. At least, nothing that I knew anything about.

WHAT an extraordinary book is Mr. Benney's *Low Life*. Mr. Benney was a professional burglar, and this is his autobiography. It is full of amazing stuff. One thing about it stands out a mile. He is a great deal better author than he was as a burglar. In his professional career he seemed to have few other ideas in his head than to burgle the same club in St. James's Street repeatedly. The first time was a success; the second time he was pinched; he tried again, and was pinched again. But if he learnt very little about the burglarious craft, he has acquired a remarkable knowledge of the literary craft. Indeed, one would almost believe that he had been writing all his life.

A FEW weeks ago I wrote about the plane-trees in Leicester Square, upon which the Westminster Council had cast their de-foresting eyes. They have been saved. The vigorous protests of Sir John Squire, Lady Oxford, and other public-spirited anti-vandals have been successful. It is pleasant to be able to record a victory for æsthetics and amenities. For each victory it would be easy to chronicle a hundred defeats.

MR. C. J. H. TOLLEY'S complaints against slow golf are timely and thoroughly well justified. The way in which golfers waste time is often quite incredible, and, curiously enough, the offenders are usually young men. To watch a match in the Boys' Championship can sometimes be excruciating. As a general rule, slowness at golf among the young is due to inferiority complex. Making a nuisance of himself is the only way by which the slow-coach can draw public attention to himself, the idea being that only a very great expert thinks out each stroke with such elaborate care. When Robert Maxwell played C. K. Hutchison in the final of the Amateur Championship at Muirfield in 1909, both players holed both rounds within a couple of strokes of the record of the course, and neither round took them a minute more than two hours. To-day, an ordinary round may easily take three hours and a half.

MR. BIG BILL TILDEN prophesied last week that Ellsworth Vines would "murder" Fred Perry when they met in their first professional lawn-tennis match in New York. The match has been duly played, and the unfortunate victim trounced the murderer by three sets to one. Perry was incontestably the superior player. I wonder why Tilden has always so consistently decried Perry's skill. I wonder if it is because, until Perry's arrival at the top of the tree, Tilden was always spoken of as the "greatest ever," or by old-timers, as "the greatest since H. L. Doherty."

WHATEVER else Mr. (Small) Montana is getting or is going to get during his visit to exchange fisticuffs with our Mr. Benny Lynch, he is not going to be short on the publicity. His smile, his tiny stature, his reputed speed, his Filipino origin, are a godsend to the ballyhoo boys, and they are not falling down on the job. I am no expert on what is, to me at any rate, ridiculously named the "noble art" of self-defence, but even I am becoming unconsciously crammed with information about Mr. Montana. I could tell you what he did to Lou Salica or Tony Moreno. As for his fight with Joe Tieken, champion of Korea, I am, to coin a phrase, literally a mine of information.

The Dutch Royal Wedding

The royal house of Orange and the princely house of Lippe were united, to the rejoicings of a million people and beneath the "Orange" sun, when Prince Bernhard of Lippe-Biesterfeld and Princess Juliana of the Netherlands, Queen Wilhelmina's daughter, were married at The Hague. Despite a previous ripple on the surface of Dutch-German relations, despite the fact that the German princesses who were bridesmaids could only bring 6s. 6d. with them out of the Reich, despite an icy north wind throughout Wednesday night, when vast crowds were gathering on the procession route, nothing marred the splendid ceremonial of the wedding and the terrific enthusiasm of the people; Prince Bernard's half-shy, half-delighted smiles and Princess Juliana's frank happiness, during the drive to and from the civil and religious ceremonies, captivated the crowd. A general amnesty was proclaimed (by which 1300 Dutch income-tax defaulters benefited) and the Royal couple left for their honeymoon, destination kept secret, but suspected to be the Tyrol

Driving to the Jakobkerk: Princess Juliana in the Gold Coach

The Gold Coach in the Buitenhof; the Crystal Coach Rounding the Corner Behind

The scene in the Groote Kerk (St. James') was particularly impressive because of the contrast between the Calvinistic severity of the interior and the brilliant congregation. Behind the bridal couple were the two mothers, Queen Wilhelmina and Princess Armgard of Lippe, surrounded by many representatives of German noble houses related to the Lippes, and other private guests of Queen Wilhelmina's; the Duke of Kent, in naval uniform, sat next to the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, and the Earl of Athlone's scarlet tunic made a splash of colour against the white cloaks of the Knights of Malta and the green and gold of the gentlemen-in-waiting. The four child attendants of the royal couple, seen below, were Duchess Eilika of Oldenburg, Countess and Count Kasper of Oeynhausen-Sierstorpff and Prince Armin of Lippe

Prince Bernhard and Princess Juliana of the Netherlands with Their Four Small Attendants

The Earl of Athlone

Below: *The Duke of Kent*

Fayer of Vienna

Mr. R. A. Gordon and Miss Anne Vesey

Roderic Armyne Gordon, third son of the late Lt.-Col. G. C. Douglas Gordon and Mrs. Gordon, of Fulbrook House, Elstead, Surrey, and Anne Vesey, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. the Hon. Osbert and Mrs. Vesey, of 1, Albert Court, S.W.7, were married last Thursday at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Anne Vesey is a niece of Viscount de Vesci

Sir Basil Bartlett and Miss Mary Malcolm

The Archbishop of Canterbury married Sir Basil Bartlett and Mary Malcolm at St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield, last week. She is the only daughter of Sir Ian and Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch, and a debutante of last season; he is the second Baronet and is on the stage

Viscountess Carlow

Lord Carlow, only son of the Earl Countess of Portarlington, married P Cambie at Chelsea Old Church. The Lady Carlow is Canadian, the you daughter of the late Charles Cambie, Toronto, and Mrs. Cambie, of 46, L Sloane Street, and a sister of Mrs. Mal Gladstone, whose two sons were p

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

With the wireless broadcasting all the noise and disturbance of the Albert Hall revelry on New Year's Eve, Sir Michael Assheton-Smith and his house-party concocted impromptu fancy-dress costumes and danced the New Year in.

The most amusing incident of the evening occurred at dinner-time when one woman guest had her fish snatched away before she had even had a mouthful, and a glass of champagne replaced by a fizzing glass of what looked suspiciously like Enos' fruit salt. Amazed at this sequence of events, she held firmly on to the next dish that was offered to her, and finding herself embroiled in a tug-of-war, she glanced at the footman who was behaving so peculiarly, and found herself gazing into the amused blue eyes of Mr. Charles Birkin, resplendent in the buff livery with yellow facings worn by Sir Michael's servants.

Mr. Birkin, we must tell you, had excused himself from dinner that evening by pleading a sudden attack of 'flu, a fact that was much regretted, as Lord Charles Cavendish had also retired with a severe attack of neuralgia. Halfway through dinner, the new and temperamental footman flung a pile of plates on the floor and sprang into the gap reserved for him at the table. Except for the woman who he had chosen as a special victim, not one person at the party had recognised him!

The Masked Baron

Lady Charles Cavendish wore a dark-blue Chinese suit, long coat and wide trousers that she wears as a tea-gown any old time, and covered her head with glittering paper flowers off the defunct Christmas tree. The effect was so enchanting that it should create a new fashion.

Miss Olga Lynn borrowed a dress, apron and chef's cap from the cook, Mrs. Sutton. Lord Berners was draped in a Guardsman's scarlet cloak and a terrifying mask; Mr. Robert Heber Percy was scantily covered in an animal skin of some kind, and added a woollen sweater later in the evening.

Lady Stanley of Alderley made a demure picture in a stiff black silk evening dress (her own), a small bonnet-like hat (lent by a housemaid), prim short gloves, and a family prayer-book. Miss "Baby" Jungman wore an old hunting coat, stock and yellow waistcoat over a lovely white satin dress, and covered her charming face with the worst mask of all. Toasts were drunk to all and sundry, and we were convinced that nowhere in the whole country could the Old and the New Year have changed places so enjoyably.

Family Names

Lady Charles Cavendish told us that while her brother-in-law, the Marquess of Hartington, has been in Australia, Mr. Henry Hunloke, who married Anne, the youngest Cavendish sister, has had various duties to do by proxy, one being to sign papers dealing with the Devonshire property at Eastbourne.

Looking through these papers one day, he discovered "Astaire Avenue," and "Hunloke Street," and realised that when new names are needed to rechristen certain districts, they revert to their "in-laws" for inspiration.

Still No Difference

At a cocktail-party given recently by Lady Carlisle and Mr. Charles Coke, we found ourselves looking at the hostess's twin sisters, who, though famous in their debutante days as being indistinguishable from each other, have now grown completely unalike.

We decided, however, that it is only a question of clothes and hairdressing that has effected the great difference. Put them both in identical bathing-suits and skin-tight caps, and the old resemblance would be apparent.

Bound for the U.S.A.

Imminent departures for America include the Hon. Ivor Guest (that rugged "he-man," as described by a famous actress). We hear it is New York that he is bound for.

Lady Milbanke sailed last Saturday to join Mrs. Corrigan's yachting trip to Havana, Honolulu, etc., and so did the Hon. Geordie Ward, who is one of the same party.

Topsy-Turvy Seasons

Miss Rosemary O'Malley Keyes spends the seasons in topsy-turvy fashion.

Fayer of Vienna

aptain Duff and Miss Celia Tennant

Captain Charles Edward Rodney Duff, 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars, the late Col. C. E. Duff and Mrs. Duff's only son, married Celia Tennant at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. She is the youngest daughter of the late Frederick Tennant and Mrs. Tennant, of Spofforth Grange, Yorkshire

Mr. Peyton and Miss Sebag-Montefiore

Guy A. E. Peyton, 15th-19th Hussars, only son of the late Gen. Sir William Peyton and the late Mrs. Peyton, and Joan Sebag-Montefiore, daughter of the late Cecil Sebag-Montefiore and Mrs. Sebag-Montefiore, of Green's Norton, Towcester, and 14, Hyde Park Terrace, W.2, were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

An Engaged Couple

Lady Violet Baring, the Earl and Countess of Cromer's daughter, was photographed at the West Somerset Hunt Ball with her fiancé, Mr. Mervyn Vernon. He is in the Grenadier Guards, and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Vernon, of Bishop's Lydeard, Somerset. The announcement was on New Year's day; the wedding is on the 28th at Wellington Barracks' Chapel

She was at St. Moritz for weeks in the summer, and is now at her mother's lovely villa in Biarritz, and has lately been on a hunting expedition to Pau.

Rumours of her engagement are frequent and interesting. The latest is to a billionaire from Bayonne. She is a charming girl, with very high spirits, a grand sense of humour, and utterly incapable of an unkind thought or opinion about anyone.

Somewhat Late for Lunch

THERE is always a thrill in one's first visit to a place that one has heard about all one's life, and St. Moritz is a big thrill.

The journey was less of an ordeal than we expected, night travel being our favourite mode of transport. But the Channel crossing has seldom been worse, and we thanked heaven for the merciful shortness of the trip.

On arrival at the Palace in time for a somewhat late luncheon, we heard of a gala in the bar the night before, found the Plunkets, Jim Lawrence, and Commander Dugdale and the two elder Plunket boys. The whole family have been down with 'flu, and Patrick, the eldest, had to follow his parents out two days later.

Unpacked and Unshaven

IT is nearly four o'clock and the clouds are descending on the snow-covered mountain-tops, giving us sharp twinges of apprehension, while we wait for certain air-minded friends to arrive.

All the hotels are so full that when you arrive you have to hang around, unpacked, unshaven or un-made-up (as the case may be), until departing guests leave about 6 p.m.

We feel we cannot go out and face that clean and soignée mob until we have had an enormously long and hot bath, changed everything, and got into our right minds again.

First Impressions

HOWEVER, we have already admired Billy Reardon's snappy Swiss suiting; gathered that Billy Fiske is repeating his usual Cresta-run successes, and are disappointed to find that Sir Victor and Lady Warrender, the Leonard Govetts, and Frankie More O'Farrell have already left.

One much-missed "regular" here is Michael Farmer, who has gone to Budapesth, but will probably turn up. We know that Lady Warwick and Lady Moira Forbes are somewhere about, but we have not seen them yet (give us time !).

Casualties

ST. MORITZ has had a chapter of accidents. The death of Vivian Jackson was very sad, and everyone felt special sympathy for his twin, Derek, who had only been married a day or two before the tragedy to Pamela Mitford, and was on honeymoon in Vienna.

Accidents due to sleigh horses taking fright have greatly increased since motor traffic was introduced to the Engadine five or six years ago. It is clear that one or other should be banned, and as the commodious and convenient buses, in Lord Lonsdale's colours, have obviously come to stay, it is the picturesque but dangerous sleighs which must go. We hope that Mr. Nater, St. Moritz's delightful Mayor, and Dr. Walter Amstutz, head of the Kurverein, will act before next season. Two years ago, Lady Scarsdale was badly injured by a frightened sleigh horse, and Mr. Alec Roberts has taken four years to recover from the injuries received from a runaway sleigh on the Suvretta road.

Sir Anthony Weldon is condemned to hospital at Samaden for several weeks with a particularly badly broken leg. Dennis Griffiths, one of the nicest of the "Palace boys" (as the sporting group is called), has broken his, and when Michael Weaver went over to Davos to do the Parsenn, he came back on sticks, with nothing worse than torn ligaments.

Open Air Music

PONTRESINA, we hear, has also had its quota of accidents; victims, bandaged or limping, rest round the Kronenhof rink, Sir Hugo Rutherford and his sprained ankle among them.

That very attractive air-minded couple, the Jock Hanburys, are at the Kronenhof, both skating gracefully to an open-air band, one of the last left in Switzerland, and so much pleasanter than tinned music from a loud-speaker gramophone.

The view from Pontresina up the Roseg Valley is exquisite, but very few St. Moritzers leave Corviglia to see it. Some, like those devoted cousins, Captains James Somers Cocks and Peebles-Chaplin, take long walks and thus appreciate the countryside. The majority's favourite view is Gustav behind the Palace Bar.

MISS PEEPS

New Year's Engagements

Fayer of Vienna

Miss Carmen Cory

Lenare

Miss Lindisfarne Hamilton

Carmen Cory's isn't strictly a New Year's engagement; it was announced just before Christmas. Her fiancé is Harry Wilson McGowan, the elder son of Sir Harry and Lady McGowan, whose younger sister Nan married Dermot Daly last July. Carmen Cory is the daughter of the late Sir Herbert Cory, the first baronet, and Elizabeth Lady Cory; the present (third) baronet is her nephew

Lindisfarne Christodora Hamilton, Sir George and Lady Hamilton's actress daughter, is engaged to Christopher Hippisley, who is on the stage under the name of Christopher Quast. They met while both were with the Liverpool Repertory Company; he is the second son of Lieut.-Col. Hippisley, O.B.E., of Bath, and Mrs. Kirby

Claudia Betterton is engaged to Derek Swinton Allhusen, 9th Lancers, second son of Lieut.-Col. Allhusen, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Allhusen, of Fulmer House, Bucks. She is Lord and Lady Rushcliffe's younger daughter; her father, as Sir Henry Betterton, became chairman of the Unemployment Assistance Board the year before he got his barony. She was presented by Lady Rushcliffe at one of King George V.'s last courts

Fayer of Vienna

The Hon. Claudia Betterton

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 2

Abdel Rahman Hakki Bey

ABDEL RAHMAN HAKKI BEY, the Egyptian Chargé d'Affaires, is not as old as he looks. Despite his grey hair he is only forty-five. Meantime, when the exchange of ratifications had been completed in Cairo, the Royal Egyptian Legation in South Audley Street became an Embassy, and the Residency in Cairo has undergone a similar transformation. Madame Hakki is tall, graceful, and really beautiful in the Egyptian style, with a slender waist, almond eyes, and lustrous black hair, showing that there is no Turkish admixture in her descent. She is a first-class bridge player and a good card-holder, and nearly always wins—unlike her husband, who holds bad cards and is inclined, moreover, to over-call. They have three boys.

HAKKI BEY is well off, suave, and amiable with his juniors. I should describe his humour as spasmodic, rather like an alternating current but not interruptive. He plays a little tennis but no golf. He is fond of classical music but does not appreciate jazz. He plays the piano very well, confining himself to Egyptian music. He is an amateur of carpentry and in his spare time constructs unearthly tables and chairs. He is more interested in modern Egypt than in its antiquities, and yet does not like speed. After all, he is a diplomat, and prefers to drive his own car cautiously. He is exceedingly fond of the English seaside, and is well acquainted with Torquay, Eastbourne, and Brighton. He takes as much care with his clothes as an Englishman; but always insists that there shall be at least one Egyptian dish in the menu when he is entertaining in South Audley Street. This will usually be either a pilaffe of turkey or Egyptian mille-feuilles with syrup. On Sundays, however, he confines himself rigorously to Yorkshire pudding and roast beef.

HE was educated at the Law School in Cairo, where he took his Degree. His first post was with the Ministry of Interior, after which he transferred to the Foreign Office, where he became a sub-director in the Political and Commercial Department. Later on he became Consul-General in Constantinople and then First Secretary in Paris. He arrived in London to take up the post of Counsellor at the Royal Egyptian Legation two years ago, but has been Chargé d'Affaires for several months.

HAKKI BEY is a very intelligent diplomat. He avoids party affiliations and has always acted with impeccable correctitude—a necessary quality for anybody in the Egyptian Diplomatic Corps while the late King Fuad was alive. His task has been by no means easy. His late Sovereign watched his subjects with a lynx-like gaze. Hakki Bey is imperturbable and conciliatory. He always acquires a thorough knowledge of the countries to which he is accredited, has charming manners, and is very much a gentleman.

Charles Graves

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"Heart's Content" (Shaftesbury)

THE Shaftesbury Theatre has now become the Temple of Diana, at whose shrine I am content to worship. For I should never have observed that the eyes of this divinity are not quite far enough apart for perfection had it not been pointed out to me, and even so I can't see it matters. As for her acting, since I can perceive no flaws in it myself, and since none have yet been brought to my notice, I am happy to maintain that they are non-existent.

Miss Wynyard has charm. Miss Wynyard has fascination. Miss Wynyard has instinctive fidelity to the emotional

Lady Fenwick (Mary Jerrold) succumbs to the second cocktail pressed on her by Sir Harry Fenwick (O. B. Clarence)

content of every situation. Go to *Heart's Content*, which does not always ring true, and rejoice that never does she ring false. The moment in the first act when she learns from his own lips that the foreign gentleman who has attracted her is a waiter in an hotel deserves to be recorded. There is nothing overdone, and nothing underdone, in the slight social withdrawal that is based on deep disappointment. Though you may not remember this afterwards as you remember her anguish at the end of the second act, it provides an even more illuminating illustration of her subtle reactions.

IN the foreign gentleman, though he is attractively acted by Louis Borell, I do not quite believe. Chetham Strode, the author, is not very explicit about him. He is, one gathers, an Austrian of aristocratic extraction who, though second in command of a vague new political party, must learn English in a restaurant to qualify himself as a leader. When the call comes, he will not take Miss Wynyard back with him to share the struggle because she would not be the help she wants to be. That is quite understandable. But why he would not be ready to take her as his bride until he has risen years later to the position of ambassador is not made clear enough.

In the meantime, she has married a solid Englishman with whom she can be at rest if not romantic—which, says the author, is ever so much better after all. Hence *Heart's Content*—the title.

FOR my own part, I intensely disagree with this conclusion, believing a life of agony to be infinitely better than a life of golf. To chuck up the sponge and run away from the finest things because we can't get them without suffering for them may be the way of middle age, but let us at least deplore it. *Heart's Content*, like so many West End plays, flatters the audience into complacency. If content, as some poet said, is sweet, discontent, as some other poet said, is divine. But since it is not for a dramatic critic to condemn a play because he disagrees with its philosophic content, let me fairly concede that *Heart's Content* is an able, entertaining piece of work, with every likelihood of a long run before it.

A POOR last act and a number of minor characters who have nothing to do with the case are the chief faults in workmanship. But these chattering supernumeraries will contribute to the success, for Arthur Macrae is continuously amusing, Kathryn Hamill is continuously stunning, and Eileen Peel is always welcome. Mary Jerrold and O. B. Clarence as more essential parents do credit to their years. Cyril Raymond makes solidity amiable. One ends as one began with the presiding goddess. Diana casts a spell few ordinary mortals will be able to resist.

A pillar of society's edifice and a wise-crack on its surface: Cyril Raymond and Arthur Macrae

Sketches by Rouson

The girl he wants to leave behind him: Louis Borell and Diana Wynyard

Anthony

Francesco Salfi is Conducting at Covent Garden

Signor Salfi made his debut in England at very short notice on the first night of the present opera season at Covent Garden. At the last minute *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* was given instead of *The Tales of Hoffmann* because Hoffmann, Dino Borgioli, had 'flu. However, the Italian conductor was not put out by appearing two nights sooner than he expected, and presented a buoyant, lively, musicianly "Barber" which delighted his audience and the critics. He also conducted Puccini's one-act opera, *Gianni Schicchi*, which was given with *Salome* on Monday night. Francesco Salfi is a Neapolitan, made his debut at the Scala, Milan, and has conducted there for seven years, has appeared in Turin, Venice, Genoa, Trieste, Florence, Oslo, Hamburg, and for the last five years at the annual festival at Vichy. He was also chosen—a great honour—to conduct Mussolini's favourite opera, Boito's *Nerone*, at Genoa after Toscanini had conducted it for its first performance

Two famous women who are pillars of Riviera life, Baroness Orczy and Lady de Frece (Vesta Tilley), were at a Hotel de Paris gala night, and are with Mr. Howard Copland

At the same gala were Commendatore Giovanni Quaglia and his wife. He was in command of the Artiglio during the epic salvaging of the Egypt's gold a year or two ago

Riviera Winter

A Big Season at Monte Carlo

Mr. Sidney Beer, who was just going to play tennis at the County Club, is conducting two concerts in Monte Carlo in February

Fraulein Dita Parle is an attractive German film star who is spending a holiday on the Riviera after a long spell of work

Right: Mr. V. L. Landau, who plays tennis for Monaco in its Davis Cup team, Lady Cecil Douglas, and Mr. "Billy" Wessel, one of the well-known residents, were at the Country Club

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Hawks spent his Christmas leave at Monte Carlo. He is one of the Secretaries at the American Embassy in Paris

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE Public Order Act, which came into force the other day, having been aimed principally at the Blackshirts, there seemed to be no special reason why for their taking counsel's opinion on the situation a few days before. Counsel was of opinion (not unsurprisingly) that when the Act came into force, the Blackshirt uniform would be illegal, " but an ordinary shirt of black colour with tie, worn under an ordinary suit, is legal." The obvious next step for the British Union of Fascists should be to order ordinary black suits for its members—ordinary black riding or golfing suits, say—and see how the Law faces up to that.

It 's the Greenshirts we 're chiefly orry for, the Social Credit boys and girls, a platoon of whom marched to Trafalgar Square recently to sympathise with the Reds in Spain. Pretty martial he Greenshirts always looked, their yes flashing economic fire, their chests well out, their tramp firm and heavy. But they never made war on women or children, on whom no Greenshirt has ever been known to lay a finger, ave to point out a saucy bit from Major Douglas's celebrated treatise. For this chivalrous attitude they were eventually known as Prince Charlie's Own (or " Jessica's First Prayer "). And now their uniform is banned, along with those of the other boys and girls, and they will march no more.

At any rate, a certain amount of confusion in the soggy public mind concerning them will also vanish. We once heard a woman in the street pointing a Greenshirt squad out to a friend. " Ey'nshunt Order of Foresters," she said.

In Merry Mood

THE camera, as you know, cannot lie, but it seems to have its whimsy moments. The *News-Chronicle* the other day published a back-page photograph of a cop at Houston, Texas, in the act of striking with his baton a sailor ejected from a tavern during a New Year schlemozzle. It appeared to be the daintiest process imaginable. It looked exactly as if the cop was giving the sailor a playful fairy tap on the beam with his night-stick, and saying " Naughty, naughty ! " And the sailor, one hand just covering his sconce, looked exactly as if he were laughingly saying, " Oh, go on, you big awful ! " Actually, as anybody who knows American cops, what the sailor got was a swingeing crack on the parietal which could be heard from here to Hartford, Connecticut, after which he passed sweetly out for forty-eight hours.

Photography, we observe, has its sinister moments as well. The camera caught a couple of the best recent newly-weds (no names, no pack-drill) on a smart dance-floor the other night ; and if ever boredom and loathing existed between two of us comic humans, it was mirrored faithfully in those two smart faces, dials or pans. Another unpleasant trick of the camera is to make every group of Hunt Ball guests look like a row of eggs. They may or may not resemble eggs normally, though most of 'em do, but the cynical lens always catches them in this distressing ovoid condition, and we don't know what can be done about it. Perhaps the latest colour-process might help ? Coloured eggs are nicer, anyway, and at least remind us of Easter.

Carver

THE death the other day of Charlie Brown, head carver for fifty-nine years at Simpson's in the Strand, removes a considerable artist. He retired only a month ago, having carved about a dozen saddles of mutton and loins of beef per day, exclusive of game. And with what skill ! What verve ! What accuracy ! What brio ! Returning to France from leave in the Great War, we used to lie awake and dream for weeks on end of those succulent slices, so delicately blossoming from the parent saddle at the behest of the knife of Charlie Brown. In his way he was as big a virtuoso as Kreisler, and in fact, on more than one occasion we admired the art of both in a single day : a great æsthetic experience.

" Pardon me, but am I right for Rotten Row ? "

Domestically, carving is a lost art. Those of our grandfathers who had to confess they couldn't divide a partridge as expertly and equitably as a loin of veal or a Scotch salmon, tottered from the dining-room with drooping whiskers and shot themselves in disgrace. In those days a fairy slice went to each lady, and two big voluptuous slices to each gentleman ; for well-bred girls did not demonstrate appetite. They bore up by having a comfortable little private tuck-in an hour before dinner—or so a great-aunt of ours swore, and we believe her.

Nowadays girls eat hearty, especially little tiny actresses, who often ask for a slice more. We once caught Charlie Brown's eye after one of these sweethearts had gaily done so. We could see he thought us mutts, poor fish, and *cocus en herbe*. Whereas actually we didn't care a hoot what she ate or what it cost us so long as it stopped that stream of musical girlish chatter. We then found she could do both simultaneously, and though Charlie Brown was a

comfortable and benevolent person we just hated him to see what we had to put up with. This, and this only, was the reason we rapped her dear little golden head with a spoon until she became numb and dazed.

Cry for Service

WE defy anybody who has no idea what *Charley's Aunt* is about—an Eskimo, say—to extract the faintest glimmerings of information about this ancient farce out of Auntie *Times's* boy's notice of this year's revival.

Eighty years ago, in our extreme infancy, we were taken one Christmas to see *Charley's Aunt*, but as for trying to refresh our memory from what Auntie's boy said about it this Christmas, it might have been a Japanese *Noh* play acted by Finns five fathoms under water. It seemed to us that the boy resented being sent to such a show, and said to himself, "Hell to them, I 'll write an essay for the *Lit. Supp.* instead, damn their eyes." We don't say it wasn't a good essay, but it was devilish highty-tighty for those of us who want humbly to know what a play 's about, and we think Auntie ought roguishly to shake her corkscrew curls at the lad for being so upstage.

We could, if we liked, take a crack at one or two more of Auntie's boys who reported the pantomimes. We felt they were just looking down their noses. If they feel like that about it, we thought, why doesn't Auntie employ a special temporary staff of jovial common chaps to report pantomimes and other low-brow Christmas shows? It may be that they might sully Auntie's white pages with split infinitives, oaths, comic songs, meioses, hypocorismatics, retarded adverbs, imperfect synecdoches, and whopping great pleonasms, but as least we and the Major and the old ladies at the Close would know what the devil was happening.

"Service!"—that 's our cry. "Service!"

Bouquet

ON the other hand, we have to hand Auntie a bunch of simple wild flowers for this year's series of Christmas teasers. Every year over Christmas she sets us a little general knowledge-paper of twisters which are excellent fun. Sometimes she frankly fools us. E.g., Question (*e*) of Section I. of this year's paper, asking what was inside Pandora's Box, the Pot of Basil, Portia's silver casket, the Sorcerer's teapot, the coffin of Mr. Druce, and the Wrong Box respectively. The answer to the question about Mr. Druce's coffin was that it contained the remains of Mr. Druce. Is this cricket?

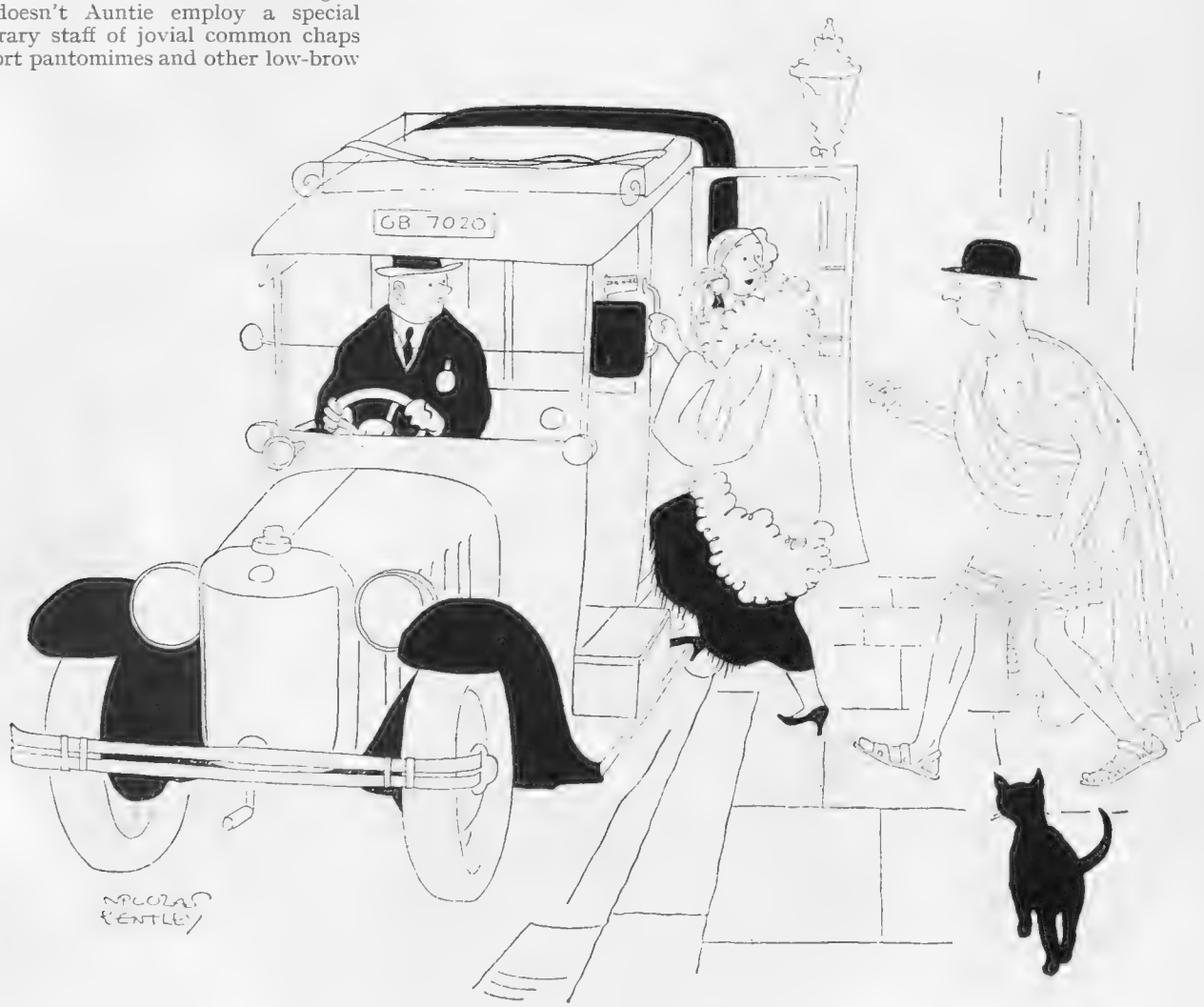
The questions weren't generally speaking so difficult this year, barring Section V., which was almost impossible for any decent chap to answer. E.g.:

Arrange in order of magnitude (measured in tons) the following crops grown in Great Britain and Ireland in 1935: Potatoes, turnips, mangolds, hay.

However, Auntie didn't rile us otherwise to any extent. She 's brushed up her American, too. What is (*a*) a kibitzer? What is (*b*) a stooge? Respectively, said Auntie in her subsequent answers, (*a*) one who looks on and offers gratuitous advice, and (*b*) a ventriloquist's dummy. The latter answer actually isn't quite correct. A stooge in American stage-slang is one who "feeds" a comedian; hence, by application to the larger world, any sort of yes-man or obsequious hanger-on. It 's nice to be able to put Auntie right, the old haggis. Just about once or twice each year the opportunity occurs.

Vie de Bohème

WE haven't been to the Chelsea Arts Ball since about 1925, when a toothy solicitor in disguise struck us suddenly with a balloon, unnerving us so much that we had to give up the Bohemian life. Judging from all accounts this year's ball was as gay as any, however. In one advance photograph a lot of artist's models (Ooooo-ooh!) in comic hats were tying fancy coloured paper or something round a column, or whatever it was, and pretty dashing those sweethearts seemed to be. But it isn't our sort of life, this wild passionate Chelsea business, and so we told our estate-agent when he tried to sell us tickets. We asked him what his costume would be, and he said a Pearo, or else a Laughing Cavalier. Since he 's a highly



"Stay still a minute, Jeff, and let the cat have a good laugh"

" Lemonade or ginger-beer ? "

respectable citizen we expressed the hope that he wouldn't go chasing and slapping models in and out of the boxes and so forth; at which his pince-nez flittered with what we can only charitably describe as unbridled lust.

However, one good thing about the Chelsea Arts Ball, as opposed to the Quat'z-Arts, is that everybody is decently dressed—models, artists, solicitors, insurance assessors, wholesale ironmongery-agents, manufacturers of sterilised wool, stockbrokers, fruitbrokers, actuaries, bankers, all the gay motley Bohemian crowd. This seems to us an advantage, having contemplated the nudes at the Quat'z-Arts with no enthusiasm and deeming it to be no true friend of those poor girls who urged them to take off their clothes. The same sympathy and compassion were awakened in us years ago at the Folies-Bergère. Whoever told 'em they looked nice with nothing on ?

News of the Devil

WRITING in the American travel-magazine *Globe*, Mr. Montague Summers, our leading authority on witchcraft, gives the lowdown on Satanism as practised in London to-day. You 've probably never seen it mentioned among the existing sects of Great Britain, but Mr. Summers assures his readers that the Black Mass with all its obscene parody of holy things is practised in at least three London temples—one at Earl's Court, one in North London, one in the outer suburbs. Also that Black Magic is taught and practised by cliques at both Oxford and Cambridge, and that three years ago in a village churchyard near Oxford a couple of under-graduates and their tutor essayed by necromancy to raise the newly-buried dead at midnight " by the power of Araton, by Bethor and Ophiel, by Adonai, by the ineffable name Tetragammaton." These dark powers let the fools down, and nothing happened.

That Black Magic should have headquarters in Earl's Court doesn't surprise us. Those heavy stucco Victorian squares and terraces are made for it. The Cromwell Road has always looked sinister to us, too. We 've often wondered what rites take place behind those lace curtains, and whether some of those prim maiden ladies are not priestesses of Baal in disguise. As for Hampstead (which we take it Mr. Summers means by " North London "), all sorts of things notoriously take place there behind the shutters. Also Bloomsbury, which Arthur Machen for one has used as a background for one of his thrillers. South Kensington is pretty free from evil, we imagine. (For one thing its inhabitants haven't the imagination.) Certainly all the poorer quarters of London are free from diabolism, which is a diversion for imbeciles with money suffering from surfeit and ennui.

Their Master doesn't seem to help them much, judging by the decline of an eminent British Satanist still alive, whose name was once a household word. In fact, the only real benefits the Devil seems to confer on his sworn adepts are ultimate despair, madness and suicide. If you want esoteric thrills, try philately.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" O.K., sergeant, now I *'ll count fifty and* you *hide "*

With reference to the reproduction of Mr. Simon Elwes's portrait of His Majesty The King in the uniform of the 11th Hussars, exhibited in the Royal Academy last year, which appeared in our issue of the 16th December, 1936, the sole Copyright of this picture is vested in Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., the well-known Fine Art Publishers, of Raphael House, Moorfields, E.C.2, who are reproducing the picture in full colour in the near future. We much regret that our reproduction was published in ignorance that the Copyright was vested in Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd.

Films of the Day

Starred and Featured Players : By George Campbell

I READ that W. C. Fields is recovering, Shirley Temple is growing (how *very* odd !), all the British producers are importing stars from Hollywood, all the Hollywood producers are importing stars from England, and Greta Garbo thinks she will go home. So what with one thing and another the New Year has begun in traditional fashion and promises pretty well.

Madame Walewska, so the story goes, will be Miss Garbo's last picture, after which she will retire on the tidy little bit she has saved from the income of £100,000 a year she has been making for the last ten years. All of which is true except that she probably won't retire and has not earned £100,000 a year for ten years. For several years after reaching Hollywood she was just a featured player—in fact, as late as *Love*, though she was the most-talked-of actress in the world, John Gilbert was the star and she merely supported him.

THE technical difference between a star and a featured player, in case you don't happen to know and do happen to care, is that at the beginning of the film and in all advertising the star's name is given before the title of the picture—GARY COOPER *in Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*—whereas in the case of lesser folk the title is given, followed by "*With* Marcel Heman and Dawn Delight." To the average American newspaper and all Press agents, however, any little blonde extra who gets herself fined at Vine Street or divorced at Reno automatically becomes a glamorous film star, just as a member of a hick football club has only to wreck a night-club on 42nd Street to become a well-known playboy or prominent clubman.

Even people who should know better don't realise how few and far between the real stars are. Sometimes a minor company will star a featured player—*e.g.*, recent British pictures in which we saw Ned Sparks and Edward Everett Horton. But in the ordinary way both these fine performers are only too glad to go on being featured, for the simple reason that this policy pays them best in the long run. They earn about £500 a week, are in constant demand, and could work, if they wanted to, fifty-two weeks in the year.

IT sounds grand to earn £10,000 or £20,000 in a single picture ; but if you make only one picture a year, and have to bear all the blame if the picture (perhaps badly written and badly directed) doesn't draw, it is any odds that your career will be shorter than the featured player's and a fair gamble that even before you slip you will earn less money. That is why talented people like C. Aubrey Smith, Allen Jenkins, Nat Pendleton, C. Henry Gordon, Una Merkel, Lewis Stone, Eugene Pallette, Gilbert Emery, Henry Stephenson, Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee, Frank Morgan, Basil Rathbone, May Robson and Adolphe Menjou would much rather be featured than starred, and in some cases avoid contracts altogether. Menjou lost his popularity as a star through appearing in a series of unsuitable stories. Now he is winning it back by picking his rôles here and there, as only a free-lance can. This suits most producers, too, for, believe it or not, it costs about £200,000 to build up a new star in the lavish, Sam Goldwyn way.

Don Ameche and Loretta Young in "Ramona"

"Ramona," the old film favourite with the powerful story and the haunting theme song, made from Helen Hunt Jackson's Red Indian novel, is now in a technicolour version at the Tivoli. Loretta Young, despite her wide-eyed film-facedness, gives a good performance in del Rio's old part ; but the laurels (or should one say feather head-dress ?) of the picture go to Don Ameche, a resonant, well-poised newcomer with great possibilities

THE new films are few, and most of them unexciting. *Ramona*, another essay in Technicolor, has decided points. The photography, mostly in low tones, is better than *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, the only other outdoor production I can compare it with ; and the story retains its simple, emotional appeal. There are none of the dazzling effects so painstakingly if misguidedly achieved in *Becky Sharp* : in fact, in places the colouring is sombre to the point of being a trifle dull.

Loretta Young plays Ramona, the rôle in which Dolores del Rio scored a memorable hit seven or eight years ago ; and on the whole she isn't at all bad. Only in one shot does she look quite literally off colour. I had been told by an expert that players facing the colour camera have to be most scrupulous in their living. A late night, a drink too many, and the whites of the eyes emerge as an unpleasant shade of yellow streaked with red. I am not suggesting whoopee on the part of Miss Young. The explanation is that in one scene she has to cry. Whether her tears were real, or were induced by a concealed onion, I don't know ; but I do know that the crying so affected her that in the close-up her eyes are the colour of raw beef. It is worth paying a visit to the Tivoli to inspect this natural wonder for yourself.

Please study, too, this new man, Don Ameche—as promising a newcomer as I 've clapped eyes on for many a month, though not one of the easiest to suit in the matter of stories. Mr. Ameche is a dark, self-contained fellow rather like Charles Boyer. Not so good-looking, perhaps, but with much of the Frenchman's dignity, charm and suggestion—which I imagine will interest women—of fires carefully hidden, passions kept in leash. Given a bit of luck with his stories he may go far.

"CAIN AND MABEL" is a bright, wise-cracking affair — all about an American boxer (Clark Gable) who falls foul of a dancer (Marion Davies). They dislike each other on sight, shout insults every time they meet, throw water over each other, and wind up in a fond embrace. A big surprise to everybody but the audience.

Cannons of Hollywood

Francesca Braggiotti—Mrs. John Lodge—Sophonisba

Despite her name, her slight foreign accent and her Florentine birth, Francesca Braggiotti is not Italian. She was born into the artistic American family from which Margaret Kennedy modelled her Sangers and is herself the original of the Constant Nymph. Her mother died when she was fifteen, the family returned to Boston, and her father lost his money, whereupon Francesca started a dancing school to keep the family. It also made her name, and she was already well known when she first met John Lodge through some theatricals at Harvard, where he was studying law. While his brother went into politics and is now America's youngest Senator, John married Francesca in 1929 and went into films under her business managership, appearing in *The Scarlet Empress* with Marlene Dietrich and *The Little Colonel* with Shirley Temple. His English successes have been *Ourselves Alone* and *The Tenth Man*, and he is at work on *Bulldog Drummond at Bay* at Elstree now. Meanwhile his wife has been given the part of Sophonisba in the big Italian production of *Scipio l'Africano* (she used to double Garbo's voice for the Italian versions of the Swedish star's films), and in leaving for Rome has parted from her husband for the first time. They have a six-year-old daughter called Lily

At a Mürren Ice Bar

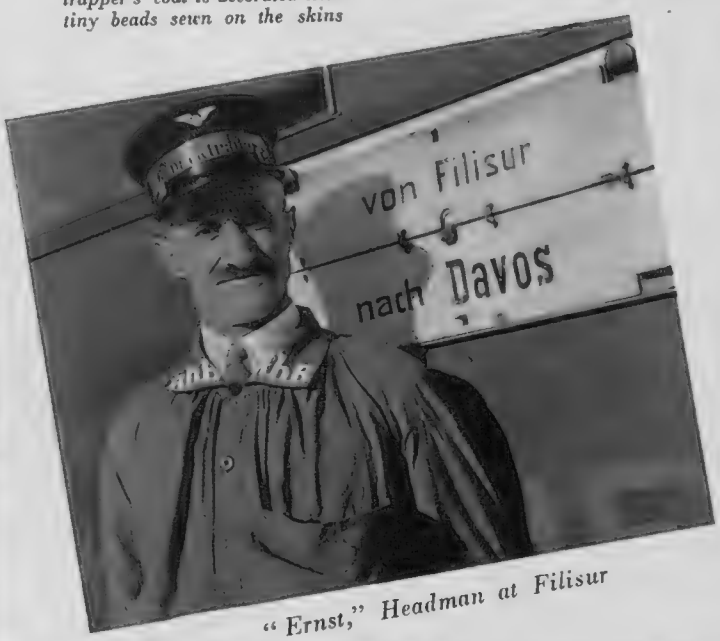
Lady Mabel Lunn, Mr. Arnold Lunn's wife and a sister of Lord Iddesleigh, and Captain Richard Pembroke were at the "Podium" ice bar beside the Mürren rink. Capt. Pembroke is in the Coldstream Guards and seconded to the Staff College

Captain Duff-Taylor

Captain "Squire" Duff-Taylor runs the skating at Mürren and is a veteran performer himself. His famous Canadian trapper's coat is decorated with tiny beads sewn on the skins

Miss Diana and the Hon. Nefertari Bethell

These cousins, Lord Glenconner's niece and Lord Westbury's sister, were just leaving Klosters to catch the train for Davos and the funicular up the Parsenn



"Ernst," Headman at Filisur

Swiss

Left: portrait of "Ernst" as this well-known Swiss friend-to-skiers is known. He is the porter at the junction on the railway journey between St. Moritz and Davos

Miss Patricia Raeburn

The snapshot of Patricia Raeburn was taken before she sprained a knee ligament and had her leg put in plaster for a week or two. She's been to Mürren for thirteen consecutive seasons. At home she is training seriously for the stage

Right: view of a well-beaten stretch of a Mürren run

Snow News

From Mürren and Wengen and Klosters

Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Barclay

Are doing their ski-ing from Wengen. He used to be in the Scots Guards. She is Lord Somerleyton's sister, and they live at Whitwell Hall, Reepham, in Norfolk

An Eiger Run from Wengen

Miss Audrey Gough

Is breaking her Wengen visit by coming home in the middle to be bridesmaid to her sister, Denise, when she marries Captain Montague Jones. They are the daughters of General Sir Hubert Gough

Left: Miss Aurea Severne and Mrs. William Forbes were waiting for the train to take them up to Scheidegg from Wengen. Aurea Severne is the debutante daughter of the late Edmund C. W. Severne, of Thenford Hall, Banbury. The Severnes are a very old Shropshire family

Miss Gillian Drummond

Is the sub-deb and youngest daughter of Sir Eric Drummond, Ambassador in Rome. She is another member of the huge English ski-colony at Wengen

Two

Harold T
Rake's P

In "Casse Noisette"

Harold Turner as the Dancing Master in "The Rake's Progress"

Vic-Wells Dancers

er and Mary Honer in " The
ress " and " Casse Noisette "

Mary Honer as the Girl in " The Rake's Progress "

In Harold Turner's two parts in *The Rake's Progress*, he does some of his best work, excellent in style, elevation and precision as the Dancing Master, and acting the Man with a Rope in the Bedlam scene with extraordinary vividness. Turner and Helpmann between them take practically all the leading male parts at Sadler's Wells, Turner's rôles including *Baiser de la Fée*, *Prometheus*, *Coppelia*, the *Blue Bird* pas de deux, the pas de trois from *Lac des Cygnes*, Act III., Harlequin in *Carnaval*, and another good character part in *Barabau*. Mary Honer dances *Blue Bird* with Turner, Papillon in *Carnaval*, the Wife in *Prometheus*, and sometimes the Girl in *The Rake's Progress*. She has several times danced Odile in *Lac des Cygnes*, Act III., accomplishing her thirty-two fouettés in style. Ten days ago she danced the full Odette-Odile part when *Lac* was given in its entirety, and is the first dancer to do this in England since Markova took the part at Sadler's Wells

Photographs by Anthony

Anthony

Portrait of Saul by Godfrey Tearle

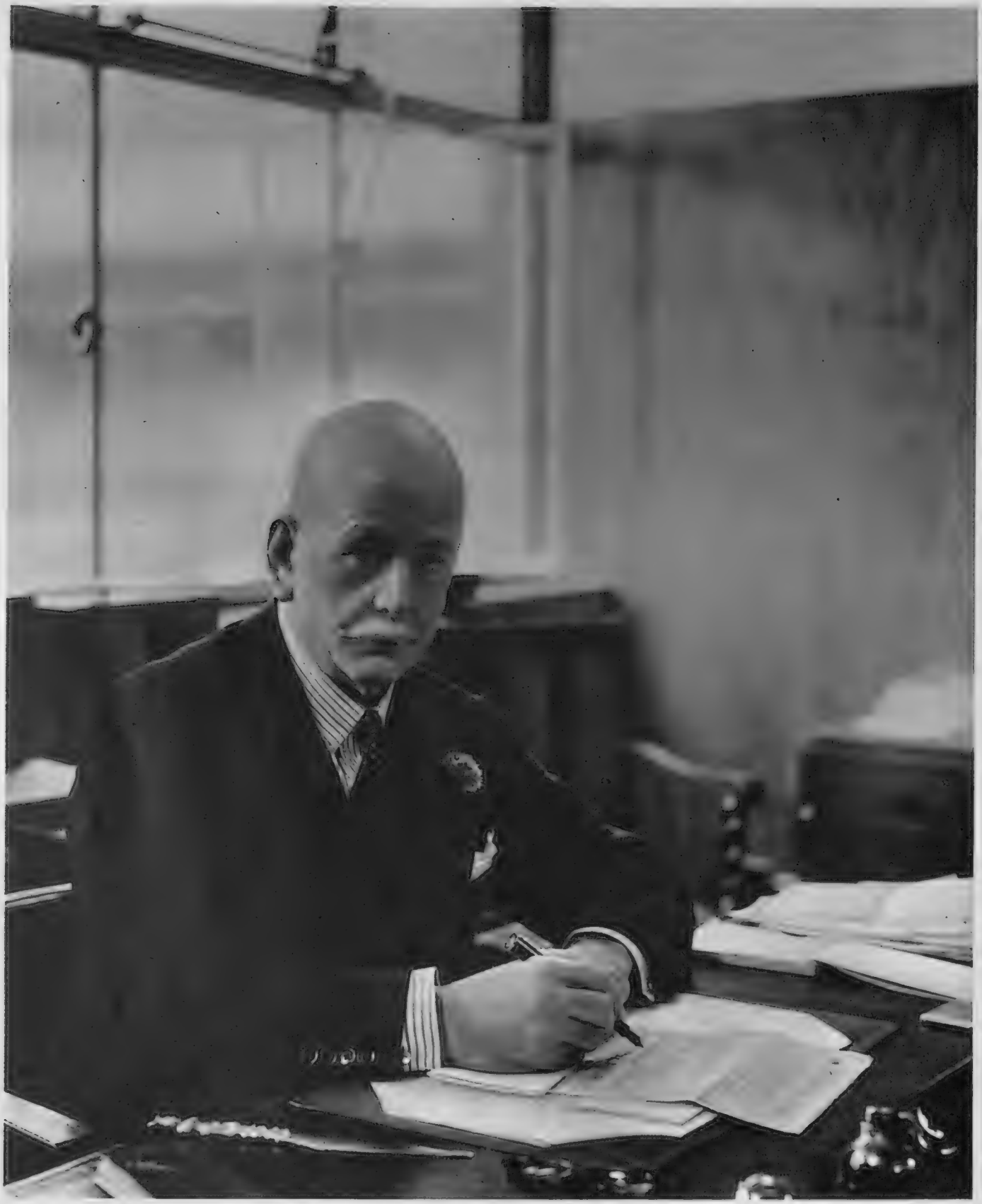
Old Testament Picture Gallery

Three Characters from "The Boy David" at His Majesty's

If no one had any preconception as to what kind of a boy the great King David was, if Elisabeth Bergner hadn't worn shorts in *Escape Me Never*, hadn't, in fact, appeared in *Escape Me Never* at all, and if so many jokes hadn't been made at the expense of Sir James Barrie's whimsicality, this play would have had quite a different reception. By the critics, that is to say; the public have received it kindly, liking Miss Bergner's gaminerie (although realising it 's fashionable to be critical of it); appreciating the good telling of a fine and familiar tale in Barrie's dialogue, dignified and homely by turns, and in the interesting acting of the rest of the cast; and enjoying the discussion afterwards of this much-discussed play, so that their friends are impelled to go to see for themselves. And then there are Komisarjevsky's production, decor and dress by Augustus John and Ernst Stern, William Walton's music, to whet the curiosity, and in result to please

Portrait of David by Elisabeth Bergner

Elisabeth Bergner's David is an attractive child and the audience shares Saul's discovery that he has a way with him. Her portrait of the boy is, in its style, a very complete one, an excellent piece of acting. It is, however, Godfrey Tearle's Saul that dominates the play, proud, headstrong, bewildered at the way life and his thoughts have gone, fundamentally tragic. One regrets the clash of personality there might have been between this Saul and a less lightly-designed David. The mother of David, as Jean Cadell plays her (she is the photograph on the left), is one of the gallery's most vivid portraits; Miss Cadell conveys brilliantly the woman's anxious wisdom, the mixture of common-sense and awe with which she regards her son's strange destiny



Howard Coster, London

Bertram Mills—Friend of the Noble Animal

Horses and coaches, rather than circuses, have been the dominant note in Captain Bertram Wagstaffe Mills' sixty-three years of life. It was the result of a bet that put him, in 1919, out of the carriage and harness business into the circus business; his remark that he could put on a better show at Olympia than the contemporary one was taken up at a committee meeting of the International Horse Show, and because he was a man of honour and a man of action, he fulfilled his boast. No one who has seen this year's dinosaurean show or partaken of the £3000 banquet modestly known as the Circus lunch will deny this. But through it all Mills has retained his love of horses and coaching; he is a breeder, exhibitor and international judge of hackney harness horses, inventor of the Mills Horse Show wagon and has been a leading light in coaching on main roads out of London for forty years. He collects coaches (but what he does with them when collected we couldn't discover), is a J.P., member of the L.C.C. for Clapham, chairman of countless sub-committees (such as licensing and entertainments), served as Captain in the R.A.S.C. during the war, lives at Chalfont St. Giles, always wears a cornflower as buttonhole and is quite devoid of temperamental angularity

"Bystander" Short Story No. 71

On Broadway

By Ruth Hawthorne

THE first time I ever seen Claribel was in that awful dump of a boarding-house over on West Forty-Eighth Street. You know, the one that burned down. Well, I was going out on a party or something and I found I was all out of mascara so I thought, even if I have only been in this hole for two days, I guess I can find somebody with enough Christian charity to lend a girl mascara, who 's going on a party. So I knocked on the first door down the hall from my room and a voice says "Come in." So I goes in and there was Claribel, though of course I didn't know that was her name then. She was standing up in front of her trunk looking kind of scared and she was heating cocoa in a saucepan over her electric iron. She lost the scared look when she saw it was me.

"Oh, I thought you was Mrs. Timmins," she said. Mrs. Timmins being the landlady and of course dead set against cooking in the rooms. Claribel must have been almost forty then. She certainly looked it. Thin and scraggy like in a purple crêpe kimono with bluebirds for happiness embroidered on it and hair up in wavers and white cotton gloves on her hands. I 'll tell you about them gloves later. Well, anyway, for all her ancient mariner looks there was something awful sweet about her face. You know, like a kid who still believes in Santa Claus.

I told her what I was after and she says she 'd be delighted to give me a end of anything. And when I told her I was going out on a party she was that interested, asked me what I was going to wear and before I knew it, she was going through that ark of a trunk to see if there wasn't something there I 'd like to doll up in. It was an awful moment for me, I tell you. I wouldn't be found at a Salvation Army benefit in anything Claribel had in that trunk. A regular stock wardrobe of the Corse Payton vintage. You know, elegant afternoon gowns all dripping with roses and lace and picture hats and, believe it or not, there was two lace parasols, and a bright blue satin coat—oh, it was terrible. And the worst part was Claribel's thinking them so chic. I nearly died, I wanted to laugh so bad but then I almost wanted to cry, too, they was so sort of pathetic.

"This," she says bringing out a red velvet evening gown that looked like the first Mrs. Astor's first evening gown after years of hard labor, "is what I wore when I made my debut with the Herbert Evans' Stock Company. I was second woman with them for two years. Travelling stock it was, and some day I 'll show you the magnificent notices we got." She took off her gloves to straighten out one of the twenty-seven yellow roses that ornamented that monument to a lost civilisation and then she explained that she always wore gloves in the house.

Her hands she said was her best feature and she must take care of them. It seems some flossy newspaper writer out in the sticks had once said she had the hands of a Duse, whoever she may be, and that always meant a lot to Claribel when she was down and out and kind of discouraged. He was right, though, they were beautiful. Long and slender and very white and she always used them as if they was precious and meant something special. I was at that place for about two months and I got to know Claribel real well and I never got tired of watching her and them hands. It was always a shock to see this frazzled old girl, with those awful bush league clothes and them two beautiful hands. Something inside her was like her hands, if you know what I mean. Something that you might call grand about her personality. I guess a high-class novel writer would say Claribel had quality. She certainly had guts.

SHE hadn't had a regular job since Lee Shubert wore knickerbockers. She 'd get an extra job once in a while in some mob scene and she picked up quite a little cash posing for everything from Society Queen to Keepers of Opium Dens for them magazines that use photos instead of pictures by artists. But what she was pining for was a chance to act. Her great ambition was to act on Broadway. That didn't set her apart from the world any, but with Claribel it was more than just an ambition. It was what she had held in front of her all her life like some people hold the Ten Commandments. I guess what I am trying to say is that getting on Broadway was Claribel's religion. Her reason for staying alive.

Every day that she wasn't working at some of her odd jobs she would rig herself up in something out of that trunk and looking like she was off to Lady Kitty's garden party, she 'd make the rounds of all the agencies and as many of the managers' offices as would let her by the elevator man. And she never got as much as a nibble at a real part. But was Claribel discouraged? She was not. She 'd come home so excited because she 'd met some old ham friend who 'd told her that he 'd heard they was going to begin casting to-morrow up to Brady's and maybe there was a chance for her and she 'd sit up half the night making over her blue satin coat so it would look different from the way it did the last time they turned her down up there.

And generous? Say, Claribel had the N.R.A. and all its works pushed right off the map. She posed for a magazine once four days in succession and what did she do with the money but lend it to Sammy Taylor, who lived on the top floor, to hire a dress suit so he could get a try-out at the Del Rio Club, and when he flopped he beat it to Atlantic City with a girl to try out a song and dance. Claribel, the poor dim bulb, just says Sammy was young and if he made the grade and landed his act she knew he 'd pay her back. And when I had a touch of the 'flu, who was it gave me three fresh eggs and two bottles of certified milk every day and me broker than hell at the time? My boy friend, who thought nothing of blowing in twenty dollars on a quiet evening? Or any of the girls I teamed up with the past year on the road? No. You guessed it. Claribel. She mostly lived on cocoa and baked beans out of a can and tomato soup ditto, herself.

And don't get the impression that there was anything soft about Claribel for all her big heart and generous ways. She was as good an egg as they make them. Gay like and full of cracks. Real cracks, too. Not just bits of the wise that she read in the papers like so many people I could mention. But original and to the point every time. Oh, she was a great girl for the laugh was Claribel.

Well, anyway, it seems she had always had this bug to be an actress ever since she first recited "She 's somebody's Mother, boys, you know" at the church festival back in Davenport, Iowa, when she was just about weaned. As soon as she

(Concluded on page 66)

"I wouldn't be found at a Salvation Army benefit in anything Claribel had in that trunk"

On Broadway *(Continued from page 65)*

could she had gone to work teaching school to earn enough money to be independent so her narrow-minded relations wouldn't have nothing to say about her going on the stage, at least nothing that she 'd have to pay any attention to. She did sewing, too, and sitting up with sick babies. And she almost had enough saved up including her expenses to Chicago from which city she expected to take the great jump off when along comes Romance in the person of a promoter of charity organisations and their joint interest in elocution brought them together, says Claribel, and, of course, they got hitched. She worshipped the ground he walked on and didn't regret for a minute her having chosen him instead of going to Chicago like she 'd planned.

Then he, not two weeks after the wedding, gets a bun on apple jack after a meeting of the boys' club and falls down the hotel steps but doesn't break his neck. He just cracks the tip of his spine and lives for five years a hopeless invalid, so away goes all Claribel's savings. She found out afterwards that he wasn't in love with her at all but just married her because he got the confidential word from the cashier at the bank that Claribel had a tidy sum laid by. Well, he got it. All of it. But not the way he 'd expected. She took care of him and I bet she did it well, too, until he finally died and then she went back to school-teaching to earn a second start. This time she had sense enough to keep away from strangers interested in elocution or otherwise and she got to Chicago. But by that time she was nigh on to thirty and the stage is no cinch for anybody to break into, and certainly not an old girl who has spent all her life working like a farm tractor loaned out to the neighbours.

She landed a job, though. A walk-on with four lines in a vaudeville act playing picture houses to the coast. You would think that would have cured her. My God, when I think of those six o'clock jumps and the taste of railroad station coffee in Montana! But not Claribel. It was so much fizz-water to her and she came on to New York prepared to conquer all. Then she had this turn in the Herbert Evans' Family Stock and she plays other stocks later and once even got as far as playing a decent part in something that lasted in Boston a month. But what she wanted was Broadway.

BACK she 'd come every year with her trunk and her wardrobe and camp out at Mrs. Timmins' until her money would give out and she 'd have to take the first thing she could. She was always improving herself, too, so when her chance came, she 'd be ready for anything. Exercises and good reading and learning all the high-class parts like Hedda Gabler and such. I 'd never heard of them, myself, until that time I had the touch of the 'flu, and in the evenings when I was too weak to go out with my boy friend and Mrs. Timmins so hoity-toity she wouldn't let him sit in my room, Claribel used to ask me to go over them with her. The stuff I had to go through with that woman! It made me kind of sad, though, when one night she said she guessed it wasn't any use her keeping up with Hedda Gabler any more, her chance for them youngish parts was gone, but she 'd take up Mrs. Something or other in some piece called Ghosts. I couldn't make head or tail of the thing, but Claribel said it was a Classic.

Well, just about that time, Claribel comes home one evening with her eyes like stars and a part. A real part with more than twenty sides to it. It was a mother part. One of those weepy mother parts where she scrubs and slaves to give her daughter music lessons and the only fly about it to Claribel was that she would have to use grease paint and soot on her beautiful hands because they were supposed to be all cracked and grimy from hard work for her daughter. But what of that, after all? Wasn't she going to play a real part in a real play that was going to open on Broadway right after a try-out in Harrisburg and then Newark for a week? I thought Claribel would just pass out with excitement. And I helped her learn her part. It was a good one, too, and she was swell. She had the stuff, that girl, she really did, but she 'd just never had the breaks.

Well, they went to Harrisburg and they went to Newark and then, I could cry when I think of it, they went to Cain's Storehouse. And Claribel came back to Mrs. Timmins'. She didn't look so well, either. I guess the disappointment sort of ate into her spirit. Not much but just enough to take a little of the light out of her face. That was the fall I went out in the back row of a radio feature through the southern states. It was kind of a let down for me, after playing second from the end the season before with the "Cutie Girls" on the big time, but I was broke and you know what you 'll do when you 're broke. Anyway, I was too low to give much thought to Claribel but I never will forget seeing her that last evening, with her white gloves on, sitting wrapped up in an old bed quilt, Mrs. Timmins was awful stingy with heat in October, reading over that piece called Ghosts.

WHEN I got back the next spring, I went up to live in the Bronx with a girl friend on account on the air being better, so the next time I saw her was in front of the A and Z Lunch where I had gone to get a bite to eat while waiting to get into Roxy's where they was trying out girls for a new ballet. I heard somebody say "Ooh-hoo!" and I turned around quick. You never can tell what running into people will bring you in the way of luck. It was Claribel, in the blue satin coat, this time with a piece of ostrich feather boa for a collar and a hat that looked like the last of the three Musketeers.

She was sort of peaked around the gills but she was all excited and at first I thought it was just at seeing me. She was glad to see me, of course, but there was somebody else.

"You remember that play you used to give me my cues for? The one that closed in Newark?" she said.

"Sure," I said.

"Well," she said, "they made it over into a musical comedy and it played all last season on Broadway and now they are going to send it on the road and they want me to play my old part again. Of course, it being a musical, they 've cut the mother all down. She only comes on in the first act for six minutes and again in the last act for three, but isn't it marvellous, I 'm really going to play it! And that isn't all. After we play Philadelphia and Boston, they may bring it in to fill up some time on the subway circuit and there 's a rumor that we may even play a two weeks' return engagement on Broadway!"

"Oh, Claribel," I said, "if you land on Broadway, I 'll hock my mother's watch to send you flowers."

I had to go into Roxy's then, as the line was thinning out in the alley. And that was the last I ever seen of Claribel. I got my job in the ballet all right, and maybe that boy doesn't make you work. It was between numbers a couple of weeks later that I sat down for a moment in the electrician's box to rest and there I picked up a paper just to have something to do while getting the cramp out of my legs. Can you imagine how I felt when I read a little notice down at the foot of the page with all the others:

CUTLER, CLARIBEL.—In her forty-first year. Funeral to-morrow at twelve, Broadway Funeral Chapel.

Well, I hocked my mother's watch and Claribel got her flowers. I called up Mrs. Timmins and she said that some kid they got to play the lead was so dumb they had to have extra rehearsals to ready the show on time and Claribel got a cold from sitting around damp theatres all day and night and couldn't hardly speak above a whisper and so they had to go off to Philly without her and Mrs. Timmins said she just seemed to give out completely the day they told her they 'd have to get somebody else for the part because the management's doctor said it would be a good three weeks or maybe a month before her vocal chords recovered. Mrs. Timmins said it wouldn't have been so bad if she hadn't heard that they were only going to stay in Philly two weeks and then come right into New York for that return engagement. After that she just sort of faded away quietlike as if anything really mattered any more.

No. I didn't go to the funeral. I 'd just landed this job after being out of work for weeks and weeks and I had to have some money to send my sister who 's going to have a baby and her husband not doing well in the insurance business, so I didn't have the nerve to go because I knew if I once seen Claribel lying there like with them beautiful hands folded across her poor old breast and thought of all the years she 'd been striving to get on Broadway and now here she was but only in a funeral chapel, I 'd cry like a fool and be such a sight for the afternoon performance that I 'd get the bounce and I knew Claribel would understand, anyway.

THE END.

Literary Lions for the Fireside Season

The Fourth Cage-ful

Angela Thirkell, whose latest was the Book Society's November choice, is becoming our leading female humourist. Burne-Jones' grand-daughter, she has just the classical looks he most admired, the knot of hair, the pale, penetrating gaze. Eldest son is twenty-three, so she dislikes being called "Miss." Says "I am *not* an ingenue," with emphasis

Charles Morgan, "Times'" dramatic critic, writes long, obscure novels in which misty characters feel a great deal and do very little—the antithesis of Buchan. "The Fountain" won almost unanimous praise. "Sparkenbroke" has a few detractors who murmur "sparkin' plug" irreverently. Meredith is his literary forebear and Hilda Vaughan his wife

F. Tennyson Jesse has a tremendous library public. If they could meet her they would like her, which is more than can be said of many authors. Wife of Captain H. M. Harwood, the dramatist, she is a feminine, cosy type, modest and gay with a weakness for brightly-coloured clothes. Looks charming here in picture dress of sprigged gold kid. A happy woman

Right: Somerset Maugham is probably the finest living writer, bar Shaw, and certainly the best story-teller. He chisels, polishes, pours arsenic and pulls up with a de Maupassant twist. Is erudite, contemplative and conventionally cynical. Only child Liza, called after "Liza of Lambeth." Was a doctor in youth. Lord (lawyer) Maugham, his brother

Naomi Mitchison, born in Edinburgh nearly forty years ago, is the mother of three sons and two daughters. Awarded the Palmes de l'Academie Francaise. "Black Sparta," "The Conquered," and "They Have been Warned" did well. Now writing book on political morality. Liberal, visionary and strikingly advanced, she has the broad brow of a thinker

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

A £4,000 Novel: By Alan Thomas

"THE STREET OF THE FISHING CAT," by Jolanda Foldes (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 7s. 6d.), "juts out on to the Seine, connecting the embankment, the Quai St. Michel, with the small but lively Rue de la Huchette." In it or about it live the emigrés, the people who have either left their native countries in search of work, or else have been driven out for political reasons. Their homelessness is the bond that draws them all together—Tsarist, Communist, Socialist, and nondescript. "Nothing matters, neither party, nor politics, nor convictions, nothing except the only fact which obliterates all boundaries, the fact of being away from home." And it is that fact, and not any plot, which gives this book its coherence. It is a story of struggle, of the elemental things of life. Every now and then some public event of the post-war period gives a jerk to the kaleidoscope. The assassination of Alexander of Jugoslavia and M. Barthou means the loss of jobs for foreigners in Paris; the rise of Hitlerism brings new refugees. But these events boom like distant thunder: if we are concerned with them at all it is only for their intimate effects. "Every year the construction of another empire collapses around them, and buries a few thousand or a few hundred thousand, buries them and condemns them to this shadowy form of death-in-life existence. . . . And in the meantime, their greatest concern is, whether or not Anna has taken a liking to the long-legged German."

I am not surprised that this book has won the £4000 International Prize Novel Competition and is being published simultaneously in over a dozen countries. The authoress, who is a Hungarian, has chosen a subject and a setting that take count of national boundaries only to show that though they are never obliterated, never submerged, yet they become faint in face of the "community-sense" of "an alien body within a body." Love alone can demolish utterly the barriers. Mlle. Foldes understands her material—the mentality of those who are cut adrift, the exiles, the homeless. If there is little laughter in the book, there is much good humour and a very great deal of pathos.

"THE DIARY OF NIJINSKY," edited by his wife (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), is sui generis. There is no other work, so far as I know, with which to compare it, no standard by which it may be judged. It was written by Nijinsky during the year 1918-19 at St. Moritz, whither he and his wife had retired to await the end of the war. For many years it lay forgotten: then, in June, 1934, it was accidentally re-discovered. It is now given to the world as Nijinsky's "message to mankind," and, as the publisher tells us, "it describes what a human being experiences in becoming insane." There are here and there passages of more or less consecutive narrative—descriptions of his childhood, of his relations with Diaghilev and others, of his life at St. Moritz. There are also some letters—one to Jean de Reszké, another to the President of the Council of the Allied Forces in Russia, Paris. Most of the Diary, however, consists of strivings towards self-revelation. Here is a typical passage: "My mind is so developed that I understand people without talking to them. I see their deeds and understand everything. I understand everything. I am a *moujik*, a workman, a factory worker, a servant, a master, an aristocrat, the Tsar. God. I am God. I am God. I am all, life, infinity. I will be always and everywhere. I can be killed but will live because I am all. I want infinite life, not death. I also have faults. I am not a comedian, an actor. Come and look at me and you will see that I am a man with faults, but I shall have no more faults when people begin to help me." The diary is signed "God and Nijinsky."

Appended to the book is an appeal on behalf of the Nijinsky Foundation. One of its objects is to provide for Nijinsky, who "now lives in a Swiss Nursing Home in a kind of mental twilight, with little hope of recovery."

"NO FURY" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.), is a tale told by Francis Beeding, full of sound and (as you might expect) fury, signifying that practical jokers had best not play with a woman's affections, particularly if the woman happens to be a novelist, "rich as Crœsus, mean, conceited and malicious." The literary coterie at Highwood, if they couldn't write, could at least invent a character. This fictitious gentleman was made to write letters of equally fictitious affection to the unpopular purveyor of popular fiction; he referred to her as "Queen of a thousand hearts" (she might have guessed from this that her correspondent was the Knave), and named a trysting-place on the old turnpike. At this point however the coterie themselves turned tail. The tryst was a flop: and the celebrated lady-novelist was unused to flops. To crown their ineptitude the coterie let the cat out of the bag right into the lap of their intended victim. And then the fun began. If the novelist herself was mysteriously murdered, she was determined that, so far as the coterie went, in death they should not be divided. Three of them were already accounted for before the rot was stopped. The method of stopping it involves one of the most original plants ever presented to the public—the planting of an imaginative scheme on a British Government Department and getting them to swallow it. Really, Mr. Beeding! But in spite of this extravagance, *No Fury* is an excellent thriller, holding the reader right up to the last syllable of recorded crime.

"MEN ARE LIKE ANIMALS," by Donald Macpherson (Faber and Faber: 7s. 6d.), is also a thriller, but of an unusual kind. It is a "scientific" shocker—the shocks being conveyed mostly by electrical thought-transference. The scene is laid on one of Canada's Thousand Islands where a young scientist, his pretty wife, their journalist friend and a handy man are subjected to a series of weird and highly unpleasant experiences. The human story lying behind these horrid events carried for me as little conviction as their "scientific" explanation. At best this story gives us a glimpse of what life—in its more exotic moments—may hold for us when psychological investigation and electrical research have conferred a few more of their blessings on suffering humanity. But I can't say, after reading this book, that the prospect thrills me.

Jolanda Foldes

Is the Hungarian author of "The Street of the Fishing Cat" (reviewed here), the novel which won the £4000 International Competition. The Competition was sponsored by publishers in fifteen countries, the judges of the "finals" were Hugh Walpole, Joseph Crutch, Johan Bojer, Gaston Rageot and Dr. Rudolph G. Binding, the first editions in the various countries of publication total over a quarter of a million

In view of the Coronation which is arranged to take place on May 12, much interest is centred upon the magnificent dress to be worn by peeresses. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, have made the robe pictured, in strict accordance with the regulations issued by the Earl Marshal. "Degrees of peeresses are indicated by the width of the miniver edging the mantle, the length of the train, and the number of ermine 'bars' on the cape." As this robe has been designed for a countess, there are three bars of ermine, a three-inch edging of miniver, and a train measuring one and a half yards in length. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, have contributed the coronet, also the beautiful jewellery, including the pearl necklace

To Wear With Tweeds And Tailor Mades

Tailored suits and country tweeds both demand something youthful and gay in the way of a blouse or knitted jumper to complete the ensemble. Blouses this season tend to be simple in design, though much fine handwork in the way of tucking, shirring, and stitchery is often introduced on plain silks and satins. Printed crêpes and lacquered materials belong to a more elaborate type of blouse suitable for afternoon bridge and cocktail-parties

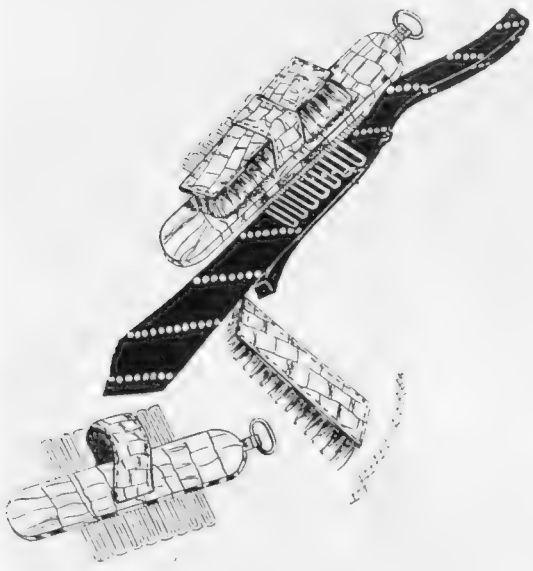
A delightful ribbed sweater is pictured above from Liberty's, Regent Street, whose winter sale is now progressing. It is made of soft wool with a yoke in honeycomb stitch, a turn-down collar and adjustable neckline. The colours available include blue and beige, while the sale price is a guinea. Another equally becoming sports pullover reduced to 15s. 6d. is closely ribbed with a trim collar and coloured "rip" fastener down the front

Essentially practical, though young and smart, is the shirt on the right, in heavy washing crêpe-de-Chine. It is worn tucked into the skirt, while the Eton collar and short sleeves are finely stitched. The sale price at Liberty's is 29s. 6d., while it is made in a variety of colours including pastel tones and white. Three-piece suits in mixture tweeds with three-quarter length lined top coats are also to be seen in this department at prices ranging from 94s. 6d.

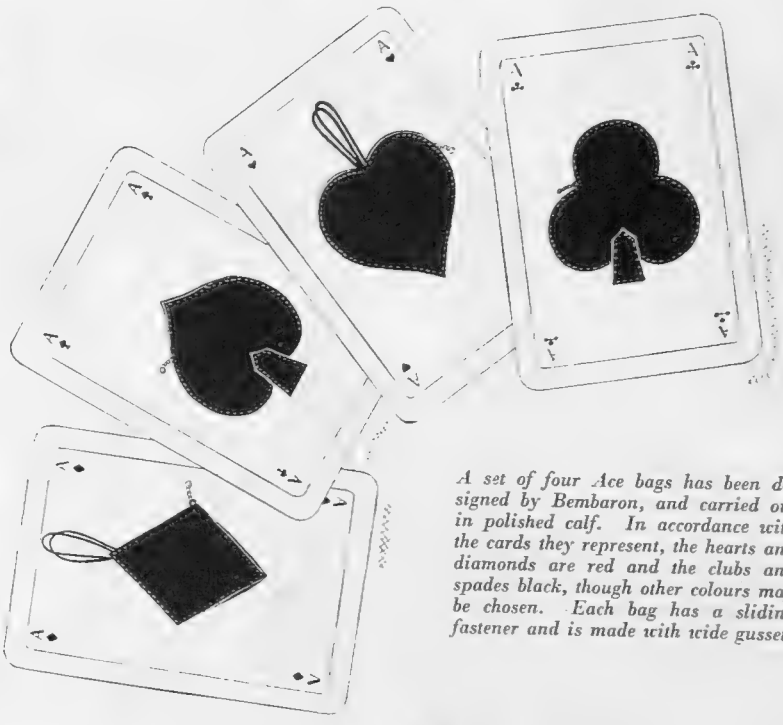
Dover Street Studios

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES

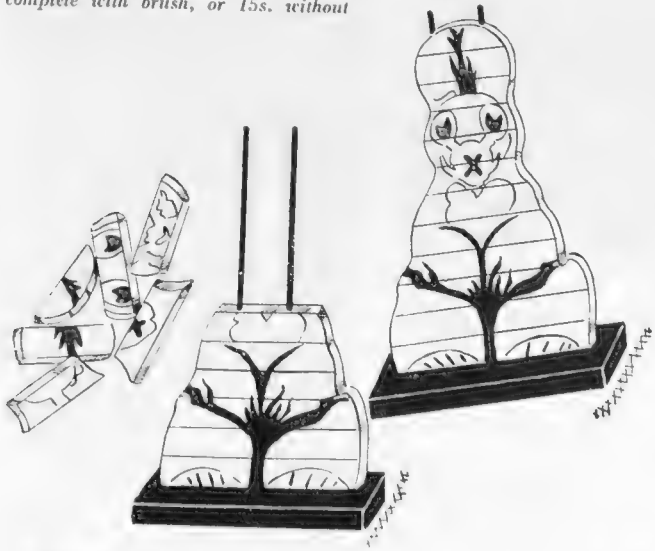
DISCOVERED BY PETA; PICTURED BY PAM.



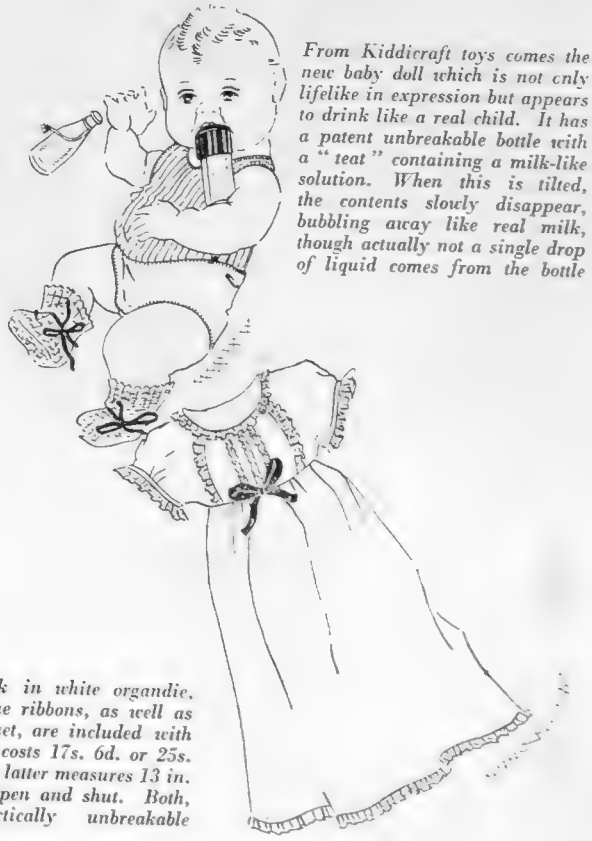
There is no more risk of crumpled ties with the new rack at Louis Vuitton, 149, New Bond Street. The centre part is made in either pigskin or crocodile with a strap for holding a clothes brush, while the supports are chromium-plated. There is also a ring for hanging, and the price in pigskin is 27s. 6d. complete with brush, or 15s. without



A set of four Ace bags has been designed by Bembaron, and carried out in polished calf. In accordance with the cards they represent, the hearts and diamonds are red and the clubs and spades black, though other colours may be chosen. Each bag has a sliding fastener and is made with wide gussets



Wilfred the rabbit is a member of the Kiddicraft "Puzzle Pets" assembly at British Industries House, Oxford Street. It is an entirely new toy costing 2s. 11d., with real instructive value as the parts of the body are all divided into sections which are joined together with the help of two vertical pegs



From Kiddicraft toys comes the new baby doll which is not only lifelike in expression but appears to drink like a real child. It has a patent unbreakable bottle with a "teat" containing a milk-like solution. When this is tilted, the contents slowly disappear, bubbling away like real milk, though actually not a single drop of liquid comes from the bottle

A long-clothes frock in white organdie, trimmed lace and blue ribbons, as well as a petticoat and bonnet, are included with each baby doll which costs 17s. 6d. or 25s. according to size. The latter measures 13 in. and has eyes which open and shut. Both, however, are practically unbreakable

Golf Clubs at Home: Broxbourne, Herts.

The Broxbourne Golf Club, situated in Hertfordshire not far from the L.N.E.R. station of the same name, was founded in 1914. It was opened as a nine-hole course, and remained so through the war, which were bad days for golf. When the post-war boom came, the course was converted into an eighteen-hole one. The club-house is Georgian and the club is privately owned, by Mr. G. R. Stamp

M. S. Dawes (captain)

G. H. Bone

S. C. Smith and V. R. Hill (ex-captain)

Major F. V. Drake, M.C. (ex-captain)

J. N. Wreford Brown (secretary)

G. H. Hutton (committee member)

F. C. Hanbury (ex-captain)

J. H. Hodson, Dr. R. R. Fasson (ex-captains) and W. E. Brown (professional)

W. E. Hole (committee member) and A. C. Elliott (ex-captain)

Col. C. C. Champion and L. A. Speakman (committee members)

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Changes in 1937

THE year of 1937, like nearly every other year, will see many changes on golf courses and in golf clubs. Several clubs will have new secretaries.

Captain H. C. C. Tippet has left Royal Wimbledon, and is now at Walton Heath as secretary. He has had a very wide experience of golf course maintenance and golf club management, both in this country and in the United States of America, and as he is also a first-class player, we will, no doubt, see some improvements at Walton Heath in the near future.

Like Major W. G. M. Sarel, of the Berkshire, Captain Tippet has been responsible for the instruction of several gentlemen who had the desire to become secretaries of golf clubs, and who later satisfied these desires. Before the war, men with no knowledge of the game of golf, or of golf course upkeep, or of catering, or of office routine, or, in fact, of anything, were able to get jobs as secretaries of golf clubs. Nowadays a man has little chance of becoming a secretary unless he knows the job thoroughly, and has also had some previous experience, and the latter can only be obtained by undergoing a course of instruction at a club under an experienced secretary.

CAPTAIN TIPPET will be succeeded at Royal Wimbledon by Captain G. N. Openshaw, from the Southport and Ainsdale Golf Club. Captain Openshaw has had a busy year as both the Dunlop-Southport tournament and the Ladies' Championship were played in consecutive weeks on his course. The committee of Southport and Ainsdale will sadly miss him this year, when the time comes to make the necessary arrangements to deal with the thousands who will visit its links either to watch the play or partake of light refreshment during the Ryder Cup match.

Captain E. I. M. Barrett, who, with the late Hon. F. S. G. Calthorpe, was responsible for founding the County Cricketers Golfing Society, has also returned to the London district from the Rothley Golf Club, near Leicester. Captain Barrett is now secretary of Wyke Green, Osterley, and is, of course, still secretary of the County Cricketers Golfing Society.

CLUBS which will have new professionals in 1937 include the Royal Liverpool; James Adams will be the new professional there. Adams has had a most successful year in competitive golf; he won the Penfold Scottish tournament, and was only prevented from tying with Padgham in the Open by a putt on the last green going into the hole and out again. 1937 will see the return of Henry Cotton to England, where he will take over the duties of professional at Ashridge, and consequently will be available for our Ryder Cup team against the U.S.A.

Henry Cotton's Return to England

Henry Cotton has returned from Belgium to take up his duties at Ashridge. He is doing it very seriously; announces a golf school on a larger scale than any other like it and already has covered huts from which all ranges of shots can be played in all weathers. His first pupil was the British amateur champion, Harry Bentley

THE name of Jack McLean will not be found among the entries for the Amateur of 1937, as he has decided to become a professional golfer. He has accepted the post of professional to the Buchanan Castle Golf Club, Drymen, which is on the estate of the Duke of Montrose. Buchanan and Drymen appear to me likely to go well together. McLean has just become engaged to Miss Margaret Waddell of Broxburn, and has apparently, like many before him, come to the conclusion that he will find it too expensive to keep a wife and still play golf for fun. His many friends among amateur golfers will, I am certain, wish him the best of luck in his new venture, and I have no doubt that if he proves himself as good a professional as he was an amateur, it will not be long before he gets a post at a club a little better known than the one at Drymen. We cannot expect him, at present, to win professional tournaments, but we certainly can hope that he will be continually among the money.

PREVIOUSLY those who wished to compete in the Amateur Championship had to get their names on the eligibility list. This year players with club handicaps of one or better will be eligible to compete, and the eligibility list will be discarded. I do not think this change will make the slightest difference to the Amateur Championship, and I have little doubt that the entry of 1937 will be very similar, numerically, to that of 1936, and that a very large percentage of those who played last year will play again.

THE conditions of the Open Championship have also been altered; this year the number of the original qualifiers, which used to be one hundred, will be increased, and, on the other hand, the number permitted to play on the last day reduced from the first sixty to the first forty.

The reduction of the number of players on the last day, when two rounds have to be played, will, I am sure, meet with the general approval of both competitors and spectators. If a man is not in the first forty, he is unlikely to have much chance of winning, although A. Boyer did gain eight shots on Henry Cotton in the last round of the Belgian Open last year, and George Duncan did gain even more shots on Abe Mitchell in one round during the Open of 1920 at Deal. The reduction of numbers on the last day will also make it more likely that competitors experience similar playing conditions.

A Putting Green as Wedding Present

Mr. Thomas Simpson, the golf course architect, is to lay down a putting green at Knighthayes Court as a wedding present to Lady Heathcoat-Amory from the staff at her new Tiverton home

Winter Sports News Reel

Sketches by D'Egville

Impressions of Two Anglo-Swiss Race Competitors at St. Moritz

Jimmy Palmer-Tomkinson finished first in the combined result, a very fine performance against the strong Swiss opposition. The Swiss team won again, though not by a very large margin

Roger Bushell captained the British team, but was unfortunately disqualified for missing a pair of flags in the Slalom. The team's "uniform" was a Cambridge Blue sweater with an Oxford blue collar

Mr. Beddington Behrens

Another hasty impression, this time of the host at the dinner held after the Anglo-Swiss races. This dinner is one of the best and most hilarious of the St. Moritz season

Pierre Francioli won the morning downhill race between the British and Swiss Universities

St. Moritz

THE Carlton Cup, first big Cresta event of the season, was won this year by "Billy" Fiske, with the Hon. Ben Bathurst coming in second, as he did last year, and Captain J. S. Coats taking third place.

Three days later, Fiske and Bathurst held their respective places in the Baron Oertzen Cup, and Carl Nater pushed Captain Coats down to fourth place.

Klosters

THE Vereina Cup was held by Mardens Club on December 29th, from Conterser Schwendi to Kublis. Racing conditions were excellent. There was an entry of seven, and P. H. Hordern won in 9 mins. 37 sec. beating C. Bischoff by 4 sec.

On January 2nd, the Schwendi Cup attracted an entry of twenty-six, including several international ski-ers, and was run from the Weissfluhjoch to the bottom of the Maierhofertali—a drop of 3100 feet. R. Schwarzenbach was first, in the excellent time of 3 min. 52 sec., J. A. Palmer-Tomkinson was second, C. Schwarzenbach third, R. E. Gardner fourth, W. D. H. Kessler fifth. The race was run in bad light, but on very fast, hard snow.

The Birthday Cup, another race organised by Mardens Club, run from Weissfluhjoch to the bottom of Conters meadows, was won by P. H. Hordern in 13 min. 25 sec. J. N. O. Curle and C. Lloyd were second and third. Lord Jellicoe was tenth in 17½ minutes.

Mürren

MÜRREN has maintained its reputation for having the best snow of any centre of its altitude. Though there has been a long period without fresh snow, it has always been possible to find powder snow.

The Kandahar Ski Club started its racing programme on December 22nd, with the Bracken No-Fall Cup, and several races have been held every week, both at Mürren and at Grindelwald.

The Silver Ski was held on the Schiltgrat on January 1st, and was described by the competitors as having something of the atmosphere of a meet after a hunt ball. This race, which has in the past been won by C. E. W. Mackintosh and W. R. Bracken, was won this year by the young Swiss racer, Marc Hodler, for the third time, from Dudley Drakeford and the Hon. David Wilson. (Result: 1. M. Hodler, 2 min. 23.2 sec.; 2. D. Drakeford, 3 min. 50.3 sec.; 3. Hon. R. D. Wilson, 4 min. 9.3 sec.; 4. B. Steck; 5. A. D. Stenning.

The Viper Cup for ladies was held on the same day and over the same course. It was won by Miss Beryl Walter in 3 min. 22.4 sec., from Miss Birnie Duthie, 3 min. 22.5 sec., and Miss V. Paterson-Brown, 3 min. 34 sec.

Grindelwald

SEVERAL competitors went over from Mürren to Grindelwald for the Arnold Lunn Cup, which is the senior Kandahar event, and the only one which has been raced for every year since the Club's foundation. Last year it formed the final trial for the British Olympic Team, and was won by Peter Lunn. On January 2nd, 1937, it was won by Marc Hodler.

The race provided an unusually exciting finish from the point of view of spectators in these days of minute or half-minute interval starts, as the first three competitors to pass between the finishing posts were within three seconds of each other. The Hon. David Wilson was the first to start, followed by D. Drakeford and M. Hodler. Hodler passed Drakeford, and they both came on to Wilson together. Drakeford then passed Hodler again, but was soon repassed, but Hodler did not know the course very well, and Drakeford passed him again on the last steep slope.

(Result: 1. M. Hodler, 5 min. 55 sec.; 2. D. Drakeford, 6 min. 26 sec.; 3. Max Frölicher, 6 min. 48.4 sec.; 4. Hon. R. D. Wilson; 5. B. Steck.)

Miss Birnie Duthie, who raced in the Olympic Games last year; Miss Beryl Walter, another international; and Miss Philippa Harrison, are all in training for the British international team which will compete at the F.I.S. meeting at Chamonix in February. They have decided that the best way to train for downhill racing is to race downhill, and having started their season at Mürren, went over to Grindelwald to practice for the British Championship there last Saturday.

Racing Ski-ers at Mürren and Grindelwald

Miss Birnie Duthie, member of last year's British Olympic team, was second to Miss B. Walter in the Viper Cup at Mürren

Marc Hodler, a young Swiss racer, won the races for the Silver Ski at Mürren and the Arnold Lunn Cup at Grindelwald

At St. Moritz

Above: Mrs. C. A. Elliott and her husband, the Headmaster of Eton, and the Hon. Mrs. Eric Long were watching skating on the Suvretta rink after a morning's ski-ing

Mr. Bill Harbord was out to ride the Cresta in the cold and early morning. His banana-coloured suède waistcoat is known as the "Cripps patent"

Left: Miss Ursula Gibbons is one of the 1937 debutantes at St. Moritz. She is the only daughter of the late Sir Walter Gibbons and of Lady Orr-Lewis

Lady Warwick was lunching at Corviglia after her first ski lesson

Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates and her son, Christopher, arrived at St. Moritz directly after Christmas. The snapshot of them was taken after their Corviglia lunch

Lady Stern and Miss Kay Stammers were also sitting in the sun beside the Suvretta rink. Lady Stern is Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis's sister

Our Cup: and Miss Wethered's Wedding

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

PATIENCE and perseverance, so I was told in the days of my youth, made a bishop of his reverence. They also make cup winners of golfers, and very undoubtedly of Miss D. R. Wooding, of Kingsthorpe, who has just won the BYSTANDER Yearly Cup for the second time in its not-very-long history. This year she has seven spoons to her credit—a splendid performance on which she is much to be congratulated, especially as her handicap is no higher than eight. Mrs. Swannell, from the neighbouring club of Northampton, is second with six spoons. One more win of any sort and she would have tied and must almost inevitably have won the tie, since her winning cards had been so much nearer par than those of Miss Wooding, her six cards totalling 2 above, whilst Miss Wooding's seven totalled 14 above. Miss I. Bateman, of Shirley Park, came third with four spoons, on which she had the amazing total of 17 below.

Now the moral of all this is to keep on trying, particularly in those months when golf is difficult because of weather, since then spoons are to be won with comparatively bad scores, whereas in the popular months really brilliant ones go unrewarded. That 's why I am talking about perseverance.

FOR the last sixteen years I have been trying, on those occasions when Joyce Wethered's golf was public, and had to be written about, to curb my natural inclination to describe it in superlatives. It was just a little different, in an indefinable way, to everybody else's, and better. Now it was only reasonable to expect that there would be no such difficulty about describing her wedding to Sir John Heathcoat-Amory. After all, nobody can be the best bride in the world—except to the bridegroom—nor hold any of those unique positions which have been Joyce's in the golfing universe. I went to St. George's, Hanover Square, in calm anticipation of an easy job.

But, no. Here I am, precisely as after any of her championship exploits, wondering why she has the knack of producing, without any tricks or display, an atmosphere which is just a little different, more satisfying, than other people do under the same circumstances. I might write about the glories of the beautiful lace veil which swept the aisle behind her; the adorable little page; two tiny bridesmaids and one grown-up in the prettiest of white net frocks, with narrow crimson velvet sashes and tight bouquets of ranunculus, or any other of the externals, but it seems to me that the best description is to say there was a simplicity which spelt dignity, and with it beauty which seemed to permeate the whole afternoon. It is no exaggeration to say that the bride looked lovely, and that both of them were quite delightfully natural and unself-conscious. You know that charming little inclination of the head which Joyce Wethered always gives, whether she is thanking you for congratulations on a great shot or asking your opinion about something. She gave just exactly the same inclination in St. George's when she said "I will," and everybody felt that here indeed was the Joyce they have always known and loved.

The Golf Wedding of the Year

Sir John Heathcoat-Amory and Miss Joyce Wethered were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, and now the golfing world will have to get used to its most popular and most successful woman member under another name. Sir John Heathcoat-Amory is the third baronet, and lives at Knighthayes Court, Tiverton; the new Lady Heathcoat-Amory is Mr. and Mrs. Newton Wethered's daughter—her parents live at Godalming—and she and her husband are honeymooning in the West Indies, Jamaica and Bermuda

TO describe the presents would be quite impossible: both of them have so many tastes, and friends had tried to cater for all of them, so that there was everything from a dictionary to a fishing-rod, from golf balls to choice pictures. "From the Devon Professionals"; "From the Groundsmen of the Tiverton Golf Club"; "From 250 Members of the Tiverton Hunt," and so forth and so on caught the eye; and, surely rather unique, the design in plasticine for a nine-hole putting course from Mr. Tom Simpson, of which the labour in laying out is to be a present from the staff at Knighthayes, the Devon home to which Sir John and Lady Amory will return after their honeymoon in the West Indies.

HOW many golfers were at the wedding and reception afterwards I should not like to guess, any more than the number of presents. Knots of champions might be found chatting in corners: Miss Enid Wilson, Miss Doris Chambers, Mrs. Allan Macbeth, Miss Phyllis Wade; dignitaries of the L.G.U., Mrs. Philip Hodson, Mrs. R. G. McNair; a succession of Worplesdon partners, Mr. Tolley, Mr. John Morrison, Mr. Bernard Darwin, the Hon. Thomas Coke, and of the rank and file of golfers of all degree: a mighty company, all of them greeted by the bride with just that delightful courtesy which must make the merest acquaintance feel welcome and of importance. Off the couple went in a shower of rose petals, she in a mink coat that was amongst the presents labelled "Joyce, from Jack," and with the good wishes of every golfer in the world.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

1,152.

a big
cocktail party—
a
hurried "hullo darling"—
and you're left
with a hitherto
strange young man . . .

have you
ever noticed
what
a
blessing
a
cigarette
can
be . . .

on occasions
such as this
when
you're
feeling
a
little
bit
"lost"?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

Howard Marshall on Rugger

Why Have Trial Matches?

I SOMETIMES think that it would be a much simpler matter if the selectors dispensed with the distraction of Trial matches. They would, I fancy, find it far easier to pick an adequate England team on the current form of players. As it is, they are constantly having their theories upset. The final trial, for example, thoroughly confused the issue, just when we were beginning to think that most of the problems were settled.

These trials are so often merely destructive. They give us no real indication of a player's potentialities. Anxiety and caution brood over them, and inhibit spontaneous football ability, so that we have to endure utter disillusionment.

There could not well have been a more inept game than the final trial, with its wretched scrummaging and its smothered back play. Watching it, we were driven to pessimism, and yet I believe our fears were groundless. I am prepared to wager that England will put up a worthy show against Wales, though ten days ago, sitting in the stand at Twickenham, we had some justification for thinking that Rugby football had slipped back to its most feeble standards.

NEXT Saturday as ever is, the Welshmen come to challenge us, and I look forward to the game with the liveliest anticipation. Both countries have plenty of grand attacking players behind the scrummage, and England's forward work will surely improve on the great day.

As I write, the England team has not been announced. I suggest that it does not matter much how the back division is composed. If B. C. Gadney and A. Obolensky are fit, they will presumably be included, and H. S. Sever and P. Candler are fairly certain to be chosen. There are, however, a number of mid-field players who must be considered, and there is very little to choose between them.

What does strike me as important is that the selectors should work to a definite plan, and this doubtless they will do. They may, if it seems good to them, plump for opportunism, when half-backs like J. G. Sowerbutts and G. A. Walker will serve their purpose. They may rely upon orthodox methods, and then players like Gadney, Low, Kemp and Candler must come into the reckoning. Whatever they decide, at any rate, there should be one constant factor, and that is a real scrummaging pack, without which the best backs in the world would be helpless.

I DON'T wish to ram this scrummaging business down your throats again, but it is the most important question in modern football. If we neglect it we may evolve a different game, a faster and more spectacular game, but Rugby football will be only a memory in the dim minds of old fogies like myself. It was neglected entirely in the final trial, with disastrous results. I will not labour the point, but there it is. In my opinion the selectors would be doing the game a far greater service if they substituted scrum-practices for trial matches. Let them pick some twenty likely forwards, and then let them develop the arts of packing and binding and shoving and wheeling. Three afternoons of such intensive schooling, and England might have a pack worthy of the name.

I COULD not help comparing the final trial with a club game I had seen the week before. The trial was all care and caution—stifled, devitalised football—the club match was adventurous in the best sense, with the players all taking chances, and throwing the ball about, and scoring glorious tries and generally enjoying themselves.

The truth is that Rugby football is essentially a care-free game, and the responsibility of representative matches is apt to smother what some people might call the divine spark. We must have our international football, but it is not wise to take it too seriously. We need only worry when fundamental principles seem to be forgotten on the big occasion. Then there is something wrong with the game as a whole.

Here let me say that it was a little disturbing to see a back-row forward in a trial match making no attempt whatever to join in the loose scrummaging. He was a rover pure and simple, and a very clever one, but the rover is an individualist in a team game, and therefore he is out of place.

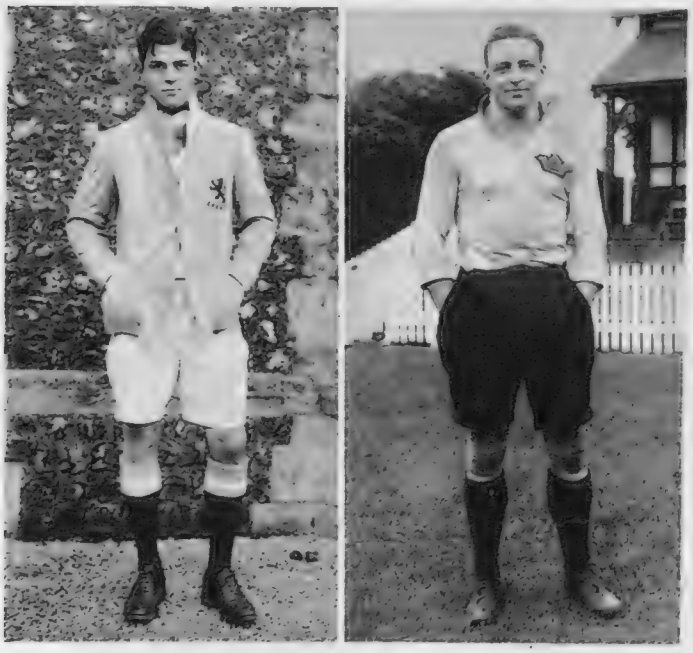
What puzzled me chiefly was how the selectors came to choose this wandering marauder, who surely did not follow out the theories of forward play held by such a stickler for tradition as Mr. John Daniell.

BUT now a final glance at the prospects for next Saturday's battle at Twickenham. The Welsh selectors were, by all accounts, more fortunate with their final trial, though the Probables forwards were none too good in the tight, and it is there that England's main chance lies. Let the Welshmen establish a scrummaging superiority, and players like Tanner and Davies and Wooller and Idwal Rees will run amok. Make no mistake about it—these young Welsh half-backs are good. Tanner is the best of contemporary scrum-halves, in my opinion, and Davies is very like his English namesake, W. J. W. Davies, most famous of post-war stand-off halves. If Wales heel quickly and cleanly to these Welsh wizards, we shall be in trouble.

I believe, though, despite all evidence to the contrary, that we shall more than hold our own forward, and then what a game it will be!

England Beats the Rest, 16—0

England's win at Twickenham by two goals and two penalty goals to nothing was the most convincing thing about the final England trial. The wings in particular (Unwin and Macdonald racing for possession in the picture) lacked the speed of international standards



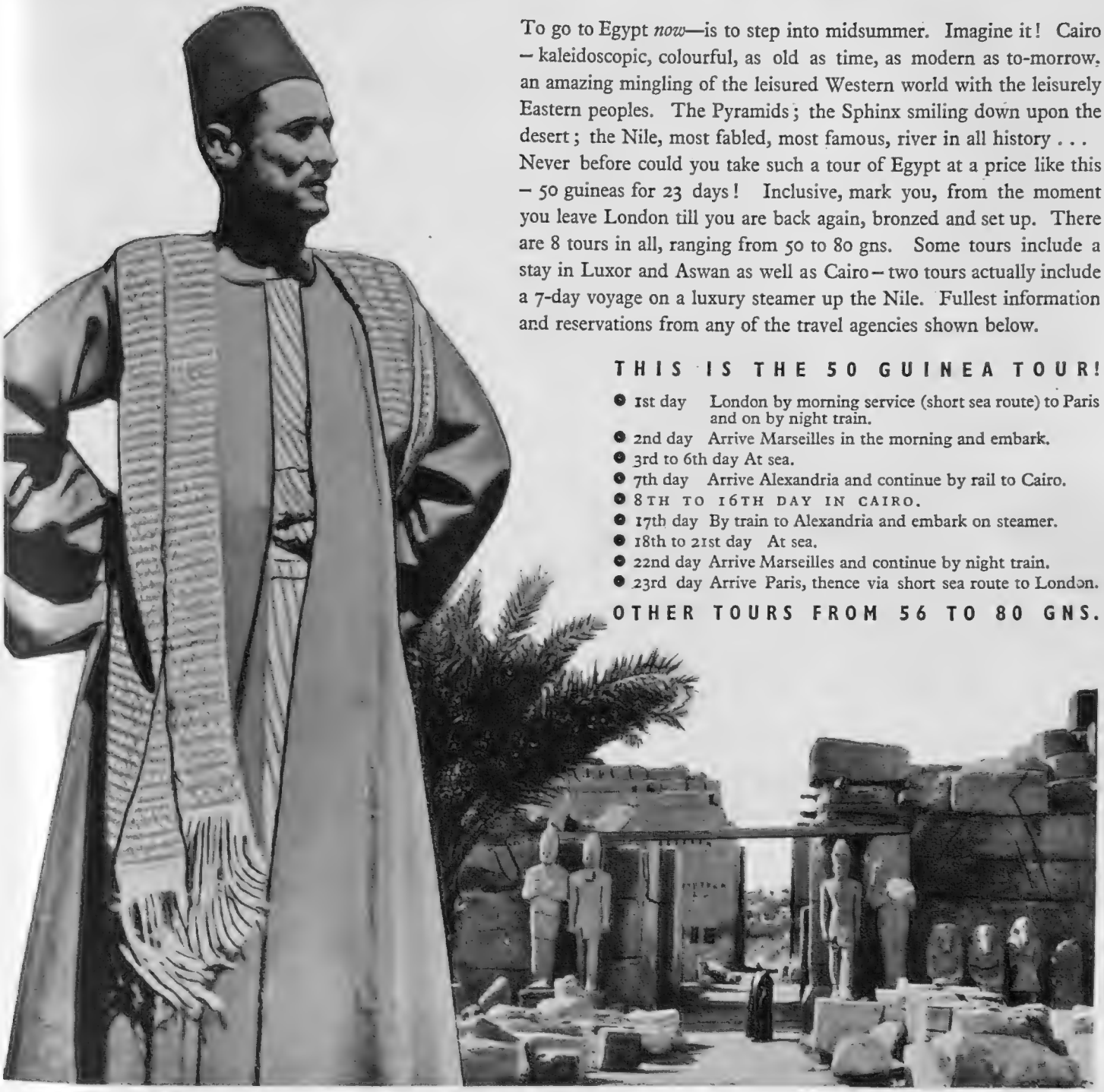
Two From Next Saturday's Scottish Trial

G. A. Reid (St. Catharine's, Cambridge) and W. B. Young (University College, Oxford) were in the rival Varsity packs at Twickenham last month, and are to meet again at Murrayfield next Saturday—Reid for the Rest, Young for Scotland

EGYPT

23 DAYS FOR 50 GNS. INCLUSIVE

Find summer now – in this enchanted land



To go to Egypt *now*—is to step into midsummer. Imagine it! Cairo – kaleidoscopic, colourful, as old as time, as modern as to-morrow, an amazing mingling of the leisured Western world with the leisurely Eastern peoples. The Pyramids; the Sphinx smiling down upon the desert; the Nile, most fabled, most famous, river in all history . . . Never before could you take such a tour of Egypt at a price like this – 50 guineas for 23 days! Inclusive, mark you, from the moment you leave London till you are back again, bronzed and set up. There are 8 tours in all, ranging from 50 to 80 gns. Some tours include a stay in Luxor and Aswan as well as Cairo – two tours actually include a 7-day voyage on a luxury steamer up the Nile. Fullest information and reservations from any of the travel agencies shown below.

THIS IS THE 50 GUINEA TOUR!

- 1st day London by morning service (short sea route) to Paris and on by night train.
- 2nd day Arrive Marseilles in the morning and embark.
- 3rd to 6th day At sea.
- 7th day Arrive Alexandria and continue by rail to Cairo.
- 8TH TO 16TH DAY IN CAIRO.
- 17th day By train to Alexandria and embark on steamer.
- 18th to 21st day At sea.
- 22nd day Arrive Marseilles and continue by night train.
- 23rd day Arrive Paris, thence via short sea route to London.

OTHER TOURS FROM 56 TO 80 GNS.

FULL INFORMATION FROM THE EGYPT TRAVEL INFORMATION BUREAU, 29, REGENT ST., LONDON S.W.1

FULL INFORMATION AND ACTUAL BOOKINGS AT ANY OFFICE OF THOS. COOK AND SON LTD.

COX AND KINGS • DEAN AND DAWSON • FRAME'S TOURS • HICKIE BORMAN GRANT AND CO. • PARRY LEON AND HAYHOE • PICKFORDS TRAVEL SERVICE • POLYTECHNIC TOURING ASSOCIATION • SIR HENRY LUNN LTD., OR OTHER TOURIST AGENTS.

TRAVEL IN COMFORT BY MISR STEAMSHIPS AND MISR AIR SERVICES

Air Travel—Speed and Comfort

By Charles Ward

Imperial Airways' record-breaker unloading Empire mails at Southampton. "Caledonia" is to make non-stop flights between its home airport and Alexandria before attempting a direct crossing of the Atlantic in the Spring

Calling All Airports

PLANS for 1937 are ambitious—all airports and many new ones will be called on to handle greatly increased traffic. Not only is the frequency of services to be greater, but many new lines are to be opened. On the Empire routes, Imperial Airways are already operating two lines between Marseilles and Alexandria, cutting out the long train journey to Brindisi. By the end of the year, all schedules will include a landplane trip between London and Marseilles, continuing by flying-boat to Egypt, which is the junction for both Africa and the East. "Caledonia's" non-stop flight over the Mediterranean—1700 miles in little more than eleven hours—shows that the Atlantic crossing for this type is an easy one. The distance was only 200 miles less than that from Ireland to Newfoundland. Maximum range of the Empire boats is 3800 miles in still air and 2450 miles against a forty-mile-an-hour head-wind, cruising at 160. The flying-boat "Cavalier" has arrived at Bermuda as ship's cargo, where it will be assembled for the New York service. The Southampton base for temporary use has been found quite satisfactory, and meanwhile work on the Portsmouth airport to cost nearly a million is being put in hand. On the Continent, Cannes, air centre for the South of France holiday resorts, is being enlarged so that Air France can operate its largest aircraft on a fast schedule. London-Cannes in six hours over-all time is promised by the early summer, using the Farman forty-seaters that are to be seen on the Paris route also. For the time being, a direct motor-coach service links Marseilles with the Riviera, cutting out the tiresome train section.

Progress at Heston

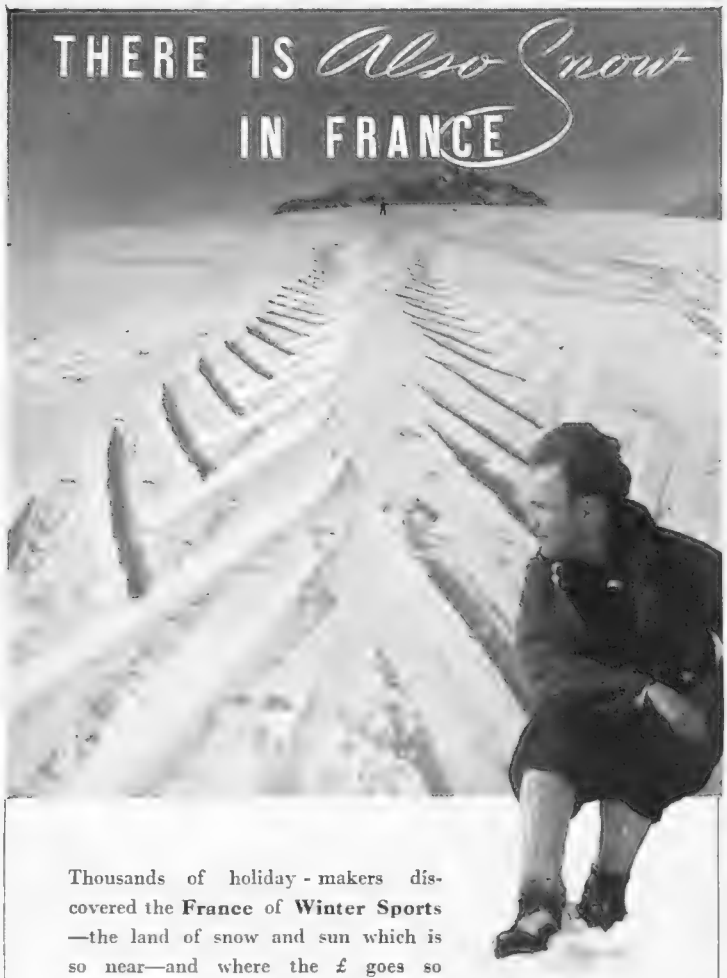
HESTON looks forward to another record year, its surroundings having been saved from the builder. The Lorenz blind-approach system has kept Heston well to the fore, and its exceptional equipment for handling repairs ensures that a large volume of commercial business will be placed on the Great West Road. In 1936, exactly 100 aeroplanes were sold and delivered by Airwork, the last being on Christmas Eve to a client engaged on a honeymoon flight to the Near East. About three-quarters of the sales were second-hand, and three cabins were taken for every two of the open type. The popular aircraft for the private owner was the "Hornet" Moth. The "Whitney Straight" and the "Vega" Gull, both faster and more luxurious, sold well.

This England

Near Holne, Devonshire

MUCH reverence remains in this England for methods that time has proven and perfected; a tender wistfulness there is in those—like mill-stream and waterway—that are laid aside, their only fault a lack of speed. Yet in such crafts as the brewing of fine ale, maturity is still an essential virtue; only by ancient method and a patient care is your Worthington brought to the mature and mellow strength that men find good.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND



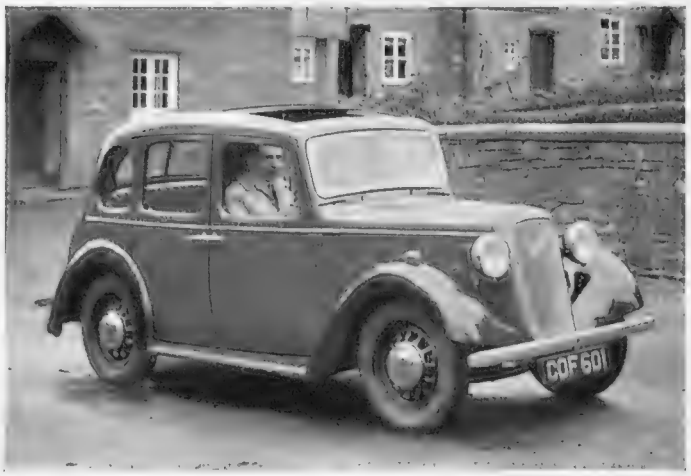
Thousands of holiday-makers discovered the **France** of **Winter Sports** —the land of snow and sun which is so near—and where the £ goes so much farther!

They had a fine time—ask anyone who went—but the best time to go is from now till March. The holiday rush is over—your choice of accommodation is greater, the trains less crowded *(fares have been greatly reduced)*—the days are longer and sunnier, the snow deep and powdery. Come along! There is a resort for every purse and sport for everyone — you don't have to be an expert to enjoy Winter sports.

Put on your sports costume, take the train, and the very next day you will be far from your daily cares, drinking in the invigorating mountain air, basking in summer sun, skating, ski-ing, having a world of fun! And don't forget the treat of delicious French food. Ask for the free illustrated Winter sports booklet at:

FRENCH NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE, FRENCH RAILWAYS OFFICES, 179 PICCADILLY, W.1, OR ANY TRAVEL AGENCY.

WINTER SPORTS IN
FRANCE
IT'S NEARER!.. IT'S CHEAPER!..



The Austin Ten—Popular Elder Brother of the Baby Seven

New Safety Regulations

By The Earl of Cardigan

THE New Year opens with an unwonted item of expense for motorists who still retain old cars in commission. As from January 1st, it is compulsory that all windscreens should be fitted with some form of unsplinterable glass. One wonders what the effect of this edict will be. Obviously it will cause great rejoicing among those who sell or manufacture any popular variety of "safety" glass. I find that, in my own locality, there is such a "run" on this commodity that orders simply cannot be executed, except after considerable delay. I am myself still on the waiting list in respect of one old car, and am more than a little anxious as to what my legal position may be.

It is true that I gave my order for a piece of glass at some date in December. It is true also that I am not personally responsible for the delay in fitting it. At the same time it is clear that I have not complied with a regulation of which warning was given some considerable time ago, so that my excuse may not be regarded as a valid one, unless the local Bench happens to be in an unusually forbearing frame of mind.

It may be that a good many old-car owners will be discouraged either by the difficulty or the expense, and may decide not to re-license their cars which are affected by the safety-glazing order. In this case, there will be a great increase in the number of old cars which are annually discarded and sold to the "scrap" merchant.

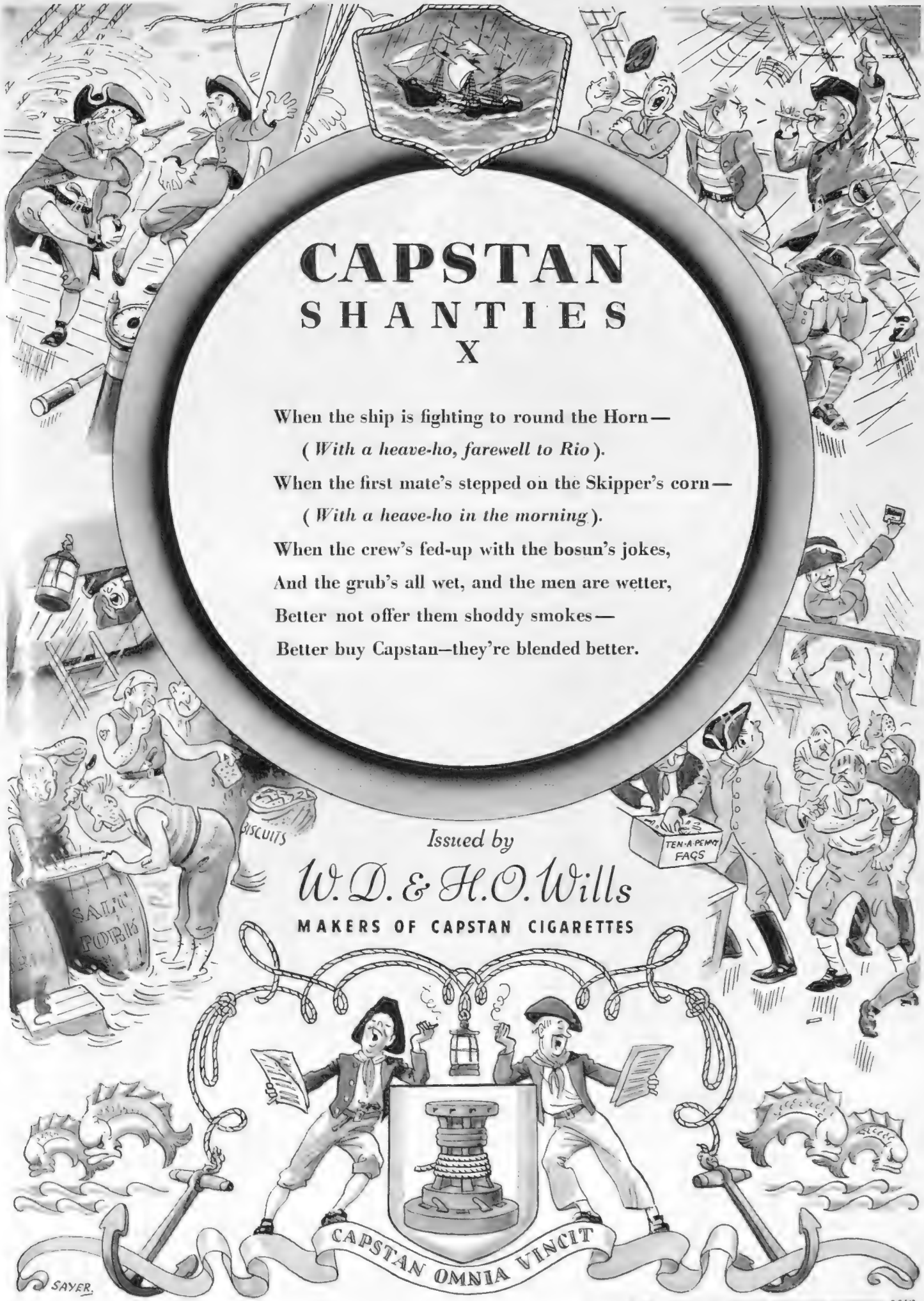
From the point of view of the motor trade, this is no doubt a development which is to be desired. So far as I understand economics—which is certainly not very far—it is the rapidity with which the customer buys, discards, and buys again that makes for general prosperity.

At the same time, it is always rather sad to see an old car of the better type being sold for £2 or £3 to a "scrap" dealer. Except that it is out of date, it may still be good for any amount of work, and perhaps ideal as a "second string" for doing odd jobs which might imperil the paintwork or upholstery of the new car which supersedes it.

HOWEVER, there is no doubt that the general idea of making all cars conform to a certain standard of efficiency and safety is right and reasonable. Safety-glass is a real asset, which has proved itself many a time to be the means of saving drivers and passengers from the worst sort of injury in the event of a crash.

Naturally, as with all safety devices, it is in the minor form of crash that the benefit is most evident. If two cars happen to collide when both are travelling at 60 m.p.h., it is really quite immaterial whether the windows are made of plate-glass or brown paper. The shock of the collision is such that the occupants are likely to be killed in any event.

Fortunately, such high-speed crashes are rare—and we may hope that they are becoming rarer. It is a happy chance that this state of affairs should coincide with the compulsory use of safety-glass, and the prospect of low-speed crashes being finally robbed of their cruellest consequences.



W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. of Great Britain and Ireland, Ltd. C.C.549

"Bystander" Women's Monthly Spoon Competition

The Bystander awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the scratch scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive, fifteen spoons are awarded in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. purposes are eligible. One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such card does not win a spoon under handicap.

Cards must be sent to reach the Golf Editor, the Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so as to reach her not later than the first day of the month following that in which they were taken out.

A Yearly Challenge Cup and Memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of Bystander Handicap Spoons during the year, irrespective of which division she is in.

Full particulars will be sent on application.

December Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes Above or below S.S.
Mrs. A. Frost	Sandwell Park	80	7	73	73	All square
Miss Lane	Worsley	85	11	74	74	,, ,,
Mrs. Swannell	Northampton	82	6	76	75	1 above
Miss D. R. Wooding	Kingsthorpe	83	8	75	74	1 ,,
Miss M. Wall	Weston-super-Mare	78	3	75	73	2 ,,
Miss R. Brown	Chislehurst	77	4	73	70	3 ,,
Miss W. Jackson	Leighton Buzzard	88	12	76	72	4 ,,
Mrs. Wainwright	Worsley	93	15	78	74	4 ,,
Mrs. F. C. Roe	Northampton	98	18	80	75	5 ,,
Mrs. Roberts	Shirley Park	98	17	81	73	8 ,,
Mrs. Wainwright	Shirley Park	98	17	81	73	8 ,,
Mrs. A. Haynes	West Bradford	100	15	85	71	14 ,,

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes Above or below S.S.
Mrs. Bull	Hockley	106	36	70	72	2 below
Mrs. K. E. W. Langston	R. Calcutta	91	19	72	73	1 ,,
Mrs. A. C. Robertson	R. Calcutta	98	26	72	73	1 ,,
Miss F. Nixon	Cleveland	108	35	73	74	1 ,,
Mrs. E. Ferguson	Hillside	94	19	75	75	All square
Mrs. Truett	Shirley Park	95	19	76	73	3 above
Mrs. Thom	Kingsthorpe	98	21	77	74	3 ,,
Mrs. Saveker	Bloxwich	101	23	78	73	5 ,,

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes Above or below S.S.
Mrs. Nicholls	Northampton.	110	29	81	75	6 above
Mrs. Gilder	Shirley Park	106	26	80	73	7 ,,
Miss Sturrock	West Bradford	101	19	82	71	11 ,,
Mrs. Watson	West Bradford	121	36	85	71	14 ,,

"Bystander" Yearly Challenge Cup for Winners in the Monthly Spoon Competitions

A yearly Challenge Cup and Memento is awarded to the player winning the greatest number of spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in. In the event of a tie, the Cup goes to the player having the best total on the scores with which she won spoons; if a further tie, to the best single score; and if a further tie again, to the player whose worst winning score is the least bad.

Results for 1936

Miss D. R. Wooding (Kingsthorpe) wins with 7 spoons, won in January, 4 above; February, 4 above; March, all square; April, all square; August, all square; November, 1 above; December, 1 above. Mrs. W. T. Swannell (Northampton) is second with 6 spoons, and Miss I. Bateman (Shirley Park), third with 4 spoons.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JANUARY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

Seedsmen by Appointment

Carters TESTED SEEDS

NEW

CATALOGUE

"GARDEN & LAWN"

POST FREE

BLUE BOOK OF GARDENING 1937

400 pages, 18 colour plates, Lawns, Flowers and Vegetables. From all Bookstalls, 1/-.

CARTERS TESTED SEEDS LTD.,

RAYNES PARK, LONDON, S.W.20

134 Regent Street, W.1.
115 Cheapside, E.C.2.
129 H. Holborn, W.C.1.
53a Queen Victoria St., E.C.4. Houston Road, S.E.23.

All seeds carriage paid

What's On *(Continued from page A)*

OPERA

Covent Garden:
Die Fledermaus.—To-day, 13th, 2.30.
Barber of Seville.—To-night, 13th, 8.15.
Gianni Schicchi and Salomé.—Fri., 15th, 8.15.
Hänsel and Gretel.—Sat., 16th, 2.30.
Un Ballo in Maschera.—Sat., 16th, 8.
Die Fledermaus.—Mon., 18th, 8.
Hänsel and Gretel.—Tues., 19th, 8.30.

Sadler's Wells:
Aïda.—To-night, 13th, 7.45.
Madam Butterfly.—Thurs., 14th, 8.
Marriage of Figaro.—Fri., 15th, 8.
Die Meistersinger.—Sat., 16th, 6.45.

The Lily Maid.—Steuart Wilson conducts Rutland Boughton's music-drama: Winter Garden, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BALLET

Sadler's Wells:
Casse Noisette, The Gods Go a Begging.—Sat., 16th, 2.30.
Carnaval, Giselle.—Tues., 19th, 8.30.

Agnes de Mille.—Recital by the American dancer-diseuse: Mercury, Mon., 18th.

MUSIC

Recitals

Huberman.—Assisted by Jakob Gimpel in sonatas by Respighi, Bach, Brahms, and works by Chopin and Smetana: Queen's Hall, Fri., 15th, 8.30.

Shadwick Quartet.—String quartets by Brahms, Leo Weiner and Ravel: Wigmore Hall, Fri., 15th, 8.15.

Nina Milkina.—Sonatas by Scarlatti, Beethoven, Mozart and Schumann's *Carnaval*: Wigmore Hall, Sat., 16th, 3.

Alexander Kipnis.—Song recital with Gerald Moore at the piano: Wigmore Hall, Tues., 19th, 8.30.

Rubinstein.—Chopin recital: Queen's Hall, Tues., 19th, 8.30.

Orchestral

L.P.O.—Constant Lambert conducts, Sigurd Rascher is the soloist, in Glazunov's saxophone concerto, Debussy's rhapsody for saxophone, William Walton's B flat symphony, Weber and Liszt: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 14th, 8.15.

SPORT

In and Out of Town

To-day, 13th: 'Chases at Hurst Park (and 14th).

Fri., 15th: 'Chases at Windsor (and 16th).

Sat., 16th: English counties cross-country championship, Cheltenham; England v. Wales rugger match, Twickenham; Catterick Bridge 'chases; Scottish rugger trial, Murrayfield.

Mon., 18th: 'Chases at Derby (and 19th). Tues., 19th: Benny Lynch v. Small Montana for world fly-weight title, Wembley.

DANCING AND DINING

Coq d'Or.—The newest restaurant, in Provençal auberge style; excellent food (some amusing specialities); no music.

Dorchester.—*Midnight Laughter* is an attractive cabaret-revue; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

Grosvenor House.—The midnight floor-show is called *Paris Tour du Monde*; Sydney Lipton's band: extension, Thursday.

Kempinski's.—The German specialities are excellent and inexpensive; other dishes are served; no music.

London Casino.—*Folies d'Amour* is the huge new cabaret, and plays during dinner and supper; Jack Harris makes music (two bands).

Luigi's.—Another of the places where food and drink are important; no band or cabaret.

May Fair.—Vic Oliver heads the three-turn cabaret; Billy Bissett's band; extension, Friday.

New Clarges.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

Prunier's.—Fish foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please; the wine list is also excellent; no music.

Quaglino's.—There is cabaret at midnight; Van Straten's band plays; you need not dress for the Grill: extension, Wednesday.

Ritz.—Café chantant cabaret again; Joe Kaye plays for dancing; extension, Wednesday.

San Marco.—The Music Hall Boys entertain; Ben Oakley and his Barnstormers play for dancing.

THE BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED HOUSE,
32-34, St. Bride St., LONDON, E.C.4.
Telephone: Central 1010.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
(Revised from January 1, 1935)

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve Months, including Xmas Number	Six Months, including Xmas Number	Six Months, No Extras	Three Months, No Extras
Inland	£ 3 0 10	£ 1 11 6	£ 1 9 3	s. 14
Canada	£ 3 0 8	£ 1 10 6	£ 1 9 3	s. 14
Elsewhere Abroad	£ 3 5 0	£ 1 13 8	£ 1 11 4	s. 15

In all cases including postage.

ORDER FORM.

To the Publisher of
The Bystander,
Illustrated House,
32-34, St. Bride Street,
London, E.C.4.

Please send me The Bystander
weekly for ..... *months*
commencing with the issue of
.....
for which I enclose .....
Name .....
Address .....
Date 193

Postage Rates: INLAND 1½d. CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 2d.

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News & Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—Wednesday, January 13, 1937. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

January 13 — January 19

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively jest at expense of impecunious family, headed by Mary Clare: Aldwych, 8.30 only.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Haymarket, 8.30 Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE BOY DAVID.—Barrie (author) and Bergner (name-part) interpret the Bible in characteristic fashion; Godfrey Tearle as a full-blooded Saul, Martin-Harvey as Samuel: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHARLES THE KING.—History has been coloured with Royalist flavour to make this fine drama; Barry Jones, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, George Merritt: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HAMLET.—Simple, strong production by Tyrone Guthrie with Laurence Oliviers' splendid active Prince; the play in its entirely: Old Vic, 7. Sat., 1.30.

HEART'S CONTENT.—Slight if satisfactory plot for Diana Wynyard's polished emotional experiences, with Louise Borell and O. B. Clarence in efficient support: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—Completely satisfying adaptation of the Brontë novel with Curigwen Lewis as Jane and Reginald Tate as Rochester: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MADEMOISELLE.—Powerful French play with good characterisation; Madge Titheradge, Greer Garson, Isabel Jeans, Cecil Parker: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—T. S. Eliot's play in verse with Robert Speaight as Becket: Duchess, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT SKY.—A serious play about serious consequences of arming unwisely and unwell—London is captured, but there are no bangs on the stage; Bernard Lee and Jane Welsh lead a strong cast: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PARNELL.—History and biography strongly mixed to make drama by Margaret Rawlings and Wyndham Goldie: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Angela Baddeley is now playing Elizabeth, the rest of the cast is the same in this welcome revival: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this play is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Plot, dealing with pre- and post-war Russians, is strong for a musical comedy, spectacle is splendid, music poor; Muriel Angelus and Roger Treville lead, Clifford Mollison in support: Adelphi, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello heads his own vast, romantic show, with Walter Crisham and Zena Dare and huge chorus: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Old romantic musical with Edith Day, Clarice Hardwicke and Harry Welchman in their original parts: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LAUGHTER OVER LONDON.—Lou Holtz does some wonderful compèring, with George Robey heading the first-class turns: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slap-stick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 87.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

SWING ALONG.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE.—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph and a gaily-coloured chorus lead a no-plot musical with success: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Pokes gay but gentle satire at Victoriana; Joyce Barbour and George Benson best of a good cast: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's amusing long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Irresponsible humour reliant on situations between Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, and John Mills: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ASTONISHED OSTRICH.—Basil Radford, Nora Swinburne and Mackenzie Ward in a farcical comedy of chance: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Plenty of mystery and plenty of mirth from a situation involving a body in Lord Peter Wimsey's and Harriet's honeymoon house (Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh): Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Jessica Tandy, and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

Pictures

in this week's issue of the following plays: *The Boy David, Heart's Content*; the following films: *Ramona, Scipio l'Africano*; and *The Rake's Progress* and *Casse-Noisette* ballets.

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HELL-FOR-LEATHER!—Stage effects of motor racing are magnificent; Bernard Nedell, Olive Blakeney, Alec Clunes support the autos: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's hyper-romantic school play, with Frederick Leister in the name-part, J. H. Roberts, and Joan White: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Cheerful satire on Scottish officialdom; Marie O'Neal and C. M. Hallard lead: Garrick, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TILL THE COWS COME HOME.—Leslie Banks leads in this comedy with a social significance, supported by C. V. France and Adrianne Allen: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Seasonable Fare

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.—The Carroll fantasy with Ursula Hanray as Alice: Little, 2.30 only.

BERTRAM MILLS' CIRCUS.—The seventeenth of this mammoth annual show, with fun fair: Olympia, from 10 a.m.

BLUEBELL IN FAIRYLAND.—Sir Seymour Hicks' play, with Ella Drummond: Scala, 2.30 only.

THE BOY WHO LOST HIS TEMPER.—Rica Bromley-Taylor's children's play with Robin Maule (aged 12) in the lead: Cambridge, 2.30 only.

BUCKIE'S BEARS.—An attractive fantasy about the adventures of two children and some Zoo polar bears: Kingsway, 2.30 and 5.30.

CINDERELLA.—Edna Best gives the old part some new turns, Madge Elliott is a charming Prince, and Douglas Wakefield and Billy Nelson whip along the jokes in this magnificent production: Coliseum, 2 and 7.30.

CURSE IT, FOILED AGAIN!—Peter Godfrey's production of a Victorian melodrama is too self-conscious to pass muster: Little, 8.30 only.

JEAN STERLING MACKINLAY—And her husband, Harcourt Williams, and small company in mime plays and acted folk songs: Rudolf Steiner Hall, 2.30 (till 16th).

MOTHER GOOSE.—High finance on and off the gold standard is its theme, with George Lacy as the matriarch, Florence Desmond as principal boy, and ballets by Markova and Dolin: Hippodrome, 2 and 8.

PETER PAN.—Laughton is a wily, almost benign Hook, Elsa Lanchester a stylised Peter Pan, Pamela Standish a delightful Wendy, in an over-size production: Palladium, 2.15 only.

PUSS IN BOOTS.—Clarkson Rose (dame), Jack Barty (comedian), the O'Gorman Brothers, Marjorie Sandford and Polly Ward (principal boy and girl) keep this typical pantomime well up to scratch: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.—The inimitable Nellie Wallace, backed by Harry Tate, Patrick Waddington, Nancy Burne, Gertrude Musgrove, in red-blooded pantomime flavoured with Charlot sauce: Vaudeville, 2.30 and 8.30.

TREASURE ISLAND.—Franklyn Kelsey is a splendid Long John Silver in Stevenson's adventure tale: Aldwych, 2.15 only.

WHAT 'S BECOME OF THE FAIRIES?—A musical Christmas play for children; all profits to Charing Cross Hospital: Piccadilly, 2.30. Sat., 8.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.—Italia Conti's annual production: Holborn Empire, 2.15 only.

First Nights

CROOKED CROSS.—A new play by a new author—Sally Carson—about the German 1933 crisis; Cecil Trouncer and Anne Cross: Westminster, To-night, 13th.

SON OF THE GRAND EUNUCH.—Jack Allen, David Horne, Ernest Thesiger in a dramatisation of Charles Pettie's book: Arts, Thurs., 14th.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—Jack Hawkins and Margaretta Scott as Benedick and Beatrice in the boxing ring production: The Ring, Blackfriars, Sunday, 17th.

CINEMAS

CAIN AND MABEL (American).—A fast-moving comedy with music and Clark Gable and Marion Davies: New Gallery.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE (American).—C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre; handsome Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland lead: Carlton.

CONFETTI (Austrian).—Another charming Viennese carnival embroglio for insouciant feinschmeckers; music by Robert Stolz: Academy.

CRAIG'S WIFE (American).—Rosalind Russell, John Boles and Billie Burke are the players: Regal.

EASY TO TAKE (American).—Marsha Hunt and John Howard with Eugene Pallette in an amusing ready-made: Plaza.

FEAR (French).—The story of foolish infatuation and blackmail and panic; Gaby Morlay is the wife, Charles Vanel the husband: Curzon.

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH (American).—Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer lead in a glamorous technicolour film of the desert, with Basil Rathbone and Joseph Schildkraut: Leicester Square.

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD (American).—M.-G.-M.'s stupendous biographical orgy, with William Powell, Myrna Loy and Luise Rainer: Empire.

THE GREEN PASTURES (American).—Extraordinarily moving negro interpretation of Christian mythology from Marc Connelly's fable; genuine throughout: Marble Arch Pavilion.

LA KERMESSE HÉROÏQUE (French).—A film gem, consistent and convincing throughout; Françoise Rosay and Jean Murat: Studio One.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER (British).—Ann Harding gives the love, Basil Rathbone is the stranger; from the stage thriller of that name: London Pavilion.

RAMONA (American).—Based on Helen Hunt Jackson's Red Indian novel, with Loretta Young and Don Ameche in the lead; technicolour: Tivoli.

(*Continued on page* iv)

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and Branches everywhere — see Telephone Directory

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Pearl Freeman

Kathryn Owen

Is the only daughter of Mrs. J. Macaulay Owen, of 77, South Audley Street, and Montreal, Canada, and is engaged to John Dyson Taylor, only son of the late Henry Dyson Taylor and Mrs. Geoffrey Hobson

Lenare

Elspeth Mackenzie

Is engaged to Clement S. McCallin, the actor, younger son of Mr. Sidney McCallin, of 44a, Sloane Street, S.W., and is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. H. M. Mackenzie, of Redgates, Fleet, Hants. Miss Mackenzie is also on the stage

Lenare

Joy Best

Announces her engagement to Lieut.-Com. Walpole John Eyre, younger son of the Rev. G. F. and Mrs. Eyre, of Westhill, Lyme Regis; she is the daughter of the Hon. Samuel Best and the late Mrs. Best, of Tollgate, Merrow, Guildford

Pearl Free

Mary Bischoff

Is the younger daughter of the late Charles Bischoff an Mrs. Bischoff, of 34, Hertfor Square, W.1, and is engage to Carroll Wilson, of Bosto Mass., U.S.A., only son Mr. and Mrs. Louis Wilso

Catherine Bell

Margaret Mary Hall

Is the eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Leslie Hall, of Riverdene, Oatlands Drive, Weybridge, and is engaged to John Archibald Boyd Carpenter, only son of Major Sir Archibald Boyd Carpenter, M.P., and Lady Boyd Carpenter, of River House, Walton-on-Thames

Kay Vaughan

Mary Gaskell

Is the only daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Frank Gaskell and Mrs. Gaskell, of Porthcawl, and is engaged to Ralph Marcel Smith, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Smith, of The Flagstaff, Northam, North Devon

Bassano

Rosemarie Knapton

Is the only daughter of the late Capt. A. L. K. Knapton, R.N., of Lymington, and Mrs. Knapton, of 39, Selborne Road, Hove, and is engaged to William Gerald Macgregor, only child of the late Lieut.-Col. P. A. Macgregor, D.S.O., Coldstream Guards, and Mrs. Macgregor, of 18, Third Avenue, Hove

Catherine B

Katharine Allen

Is the only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. R. H. Allen, of Jersey, now at the Norfolk Hotel, S.W.7, and is engaged to J. M. A. Chestnutt, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Chestnutt, of Belfast

Lenare

Lucy Helen Armstrong

Is the younger daughter of Mr. T. Armstrong, of Heatherling, Churt, Surrey, and is engaged to Kenneth Ian McCrea, Indian Police, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. McCrea, of Gloucester

Lafayette

Vi Marshall

Is the third daughter of Mr. D. G. Marshall, M.B.E., of White Hill, Fen Ditton, Cambridge, and is engaged to Charles Lawrence Barbezat, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Barbezat, of Carshalton, Surrey

Lenare

Nadia Bell

Has announced her engagement to Jan E. Randag, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. Randag, of Nymegen, Holland; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry McGrady Bell, of 7, Oakwood Court, W.8

Pearl Free

Mary Moorhead

Is the second daughter of Mr. an Mrs. W. H. B. Moorhead, Belmont, Newry, Co. Down; is engaged, and will be married Newry on February 3rd, to H. Cope, of Bideford, North Dev

Lenare

Pamela Huggins

Pamela Moyra Isla Huggins, only daughter of Major and Mrs. C. G. D. Huggins, of Adjutant's House, The Royal Hospital, Chelsea, is engaged to Robert Oswald Guy Gardner, only son of the late Capt. R. O. Gardner and Mrs. Ashworth, of Summerlands, near Kendal

Fayer of Vienna

Theodora Barlow

Is the elder daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Barlow, of Dene House, Lancaster Road, Didsbury, Manchester, and is engaged to Carl Winter, only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. A. Winter, of Melbourne, Australia

Catherine Bell

Pamela Scholefield

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Scholefield, of Red Garth, Berkhamsted, Herts.; she is engaged to Capt. W. H. Hulton-Harrop, King's Shropshire Light Infantry, second son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hulton-Harrop

Cholmondeley — Snow

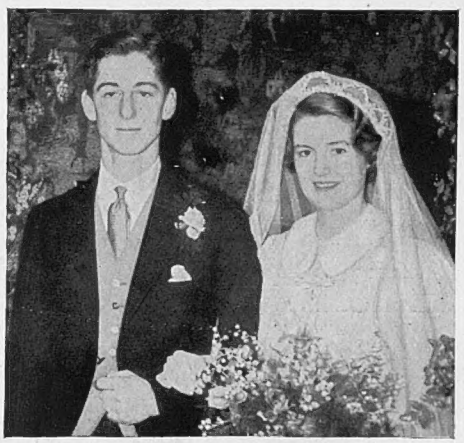
Anthony Pitt Cholmondeley, only son of Maj. and Mrs. H. R. Cholmondeley, of Slade End, near Wallingford, and Monica Irene Snow, only daughter of the Rev. A. E. and Mrs. Snow, of Watlington Vicarage, Berks., were married at Watlington

Boys — Potter

Kingsley Bevan Boys, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Boys, of The Grange, Ditton Road, Surbiton, and Joy Potter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Potter, of 44, Furze Lane, Purley, were married at St. Mark's, Woodcote

Courtenay — Kendall

Donald Courtenay, Royal Tank Corps, son of Major and Mrs. P. D. A. Courtenay, of Burnham, Somerset, and Sue Kendall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Kendall, of Little Pea, Peasmarsh, Sussex, were married at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens

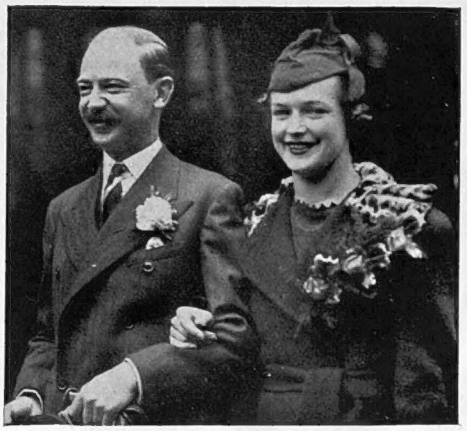


Boulting — Warnock

Roy Boulting, assistant-director of Newman Films, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Boulting, of Ivor Court, Gloucester Place, W.1, and Angela Warnock, daughter of Mr. Edmund Warnock, K.C., and Mrs. Warnock, of Mountcollyer, Malone, Belfast, were married at Greyabbey Presbyterian Church

Ward — Hilton

At Sherborne Abbey, Dorset, Captain C. L. C. Ward, 43rd Light Infantry, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Ward, of Ashmansworth Manor, Newbury, married Dorothy Iseult Hilton, second daughter of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Hilton, of Chetnole, Sherborne



Levett — May

Sidney Levett, younger son of Major and Mrs. Berkeley Levett, of Cottington, Sidmouth, Devon, and Joan May, younger daughter of the late Dr. J. J. May, of Canford Cliffs, and Mrs. C. B. K. May, of Herne, Kent, were married at Christ Church, Victoria Street

THE KING'S CHAMPION
It was customar once upon a time for the King's Champion to ride to Westminster Hall during the Coronation banquet, fully armed, and challenge to combat anyone who dared to question the King's claim to the throne.

CUSTOMS THAT TIME HAS HONOURED

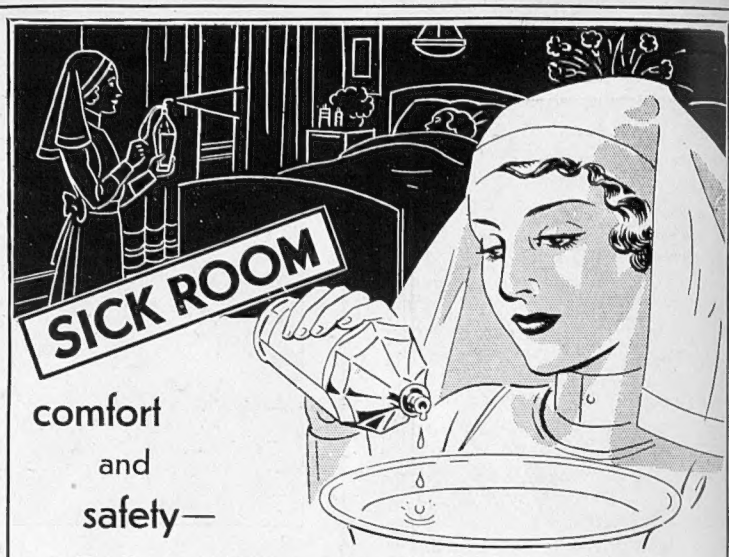
THERE are many champions of The "Antiquary" who declare—and rightly—that there is an old Scotch liqueur whisky quite without compare. This is a truth of which the makers themselves are justly proud. But most of the credit must be given to Time whose mellowing touch has brought this distilled spirit to its state of rare maturity.

Make it your Home Whisky!

Supplied only in quarts and magnums. Sold everywhere at home & abroad. If any difficulty in obtaining Supplies, please write Sole Proprietors, J. & W. Hardie, Scotland

"The Antiquary"

THE FIRST OLD LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY



comfort and safety—

The danger of illness spreading through the house is easily removed if Sanitas is sprayed into the air of the sick room several times a day. Sanitas not only freshens the room by releasing oxygen, but kills the germs which are floating in the air. (Sprays are supplied to fit the large bottle at 4/- each.) Persons entering the sick room should also spray their throats or gargle before leaving, and for the comfort of the patient, Sanitas should be added to the water with which the patient is washed. Sanitas is invaluable in every sick room.

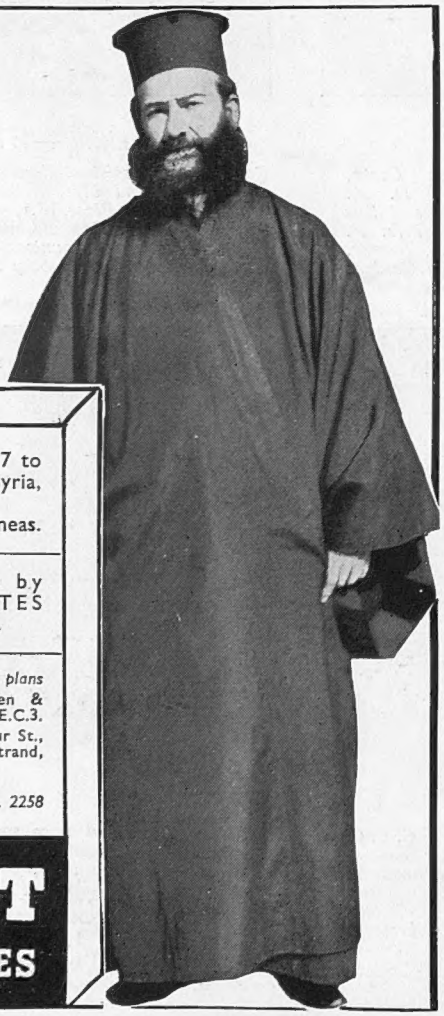
SANITAS

The SAFEGUARD

Germicidal Antiseptic for All Household Purposes and Personal Hygiene.

6d. 1/- 1/6

★ PEOPLES AND PLACES ★



ORION sails on April 17 to Bizerta, Malta, Egypt, Syria, Rhodes, Gibraltar.
21 days from 36 Guineas.

OTHER CRUISES by ORION and ORONTES
May 1st, 15th, 22nd.

Write for particulars and priced plans
MANAGERS: Anderson Green & Co. Ltd., 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.3.
West End Offices: 14 Cockspur St., S.W.1 and 1 Australia House, Strand, W.C.2.
Telephones:
MAN. 3456 · WHI. 6981 · TEM. 2258
OR AGENTS

ORIENT LINE CRUISES

MARIA

DELIGHTFUL WEDDING AND PRESENTATION GOWNS
from 9 gns.

Original and Exclusive Model Gowns and Ensembles at Moderate Prices.

133, WIGMORE STREET, W.1. Tel.: Welbeck 9713.

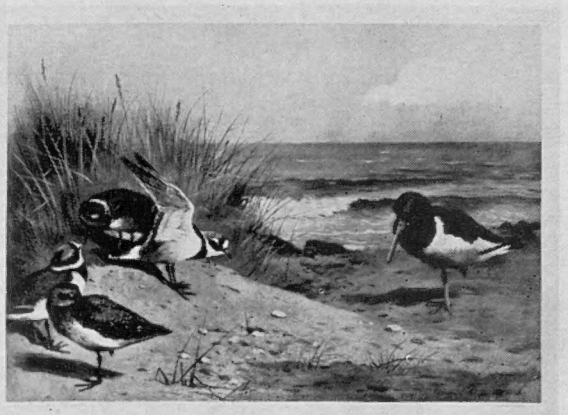
Pintail Sherry, Dry

THE PERFECT APPETISER

72/- per dozen bottles
Sample bottle, post free **6/-**

If your merchant does not stock it, write direct to:
MATTHEW GLOAG & SON
PERTH . . . SCOTLAND

A Delightful GIFT for a SPORTING FRIEND



Double-Tone Photogravure Plates of GAME BIRDS

(*Size* 20″ x 30″—*plate sunk*)

The late Mr. Archibald Thorburn was for many years unchallenged among British bird artists. The fact has never been in dispute. He combined absolute fidelity to his feathered originals with exquisite landscape surroundings, while the life-like softness of plumage given to his beautiful "models" has a peculiar fascination. The specimens here offered for sale represent some of the finest work of the late Mr. Thorburn, while of their reproduction no more can be said than that it does full justice to the paintings.

Here are the titles of plates available:
PLEASE ORDER BY NUMBER

2. *The First Victim*
3. *Turning Back from the Guns*
4. *The First Woodcock*
5. *Waiting for the Turn of the Tide*
6. *Grouse at the Drinking-Pool*
7. *The Frozen Spring*
8. *Flushed*
9. *First over the Hedge*
10. *Through the Still Birchwood*
11. *Straight for The Guns*
12. *The Covey Basking*
13. *Sunrise on the First*
14. *A Family Party*

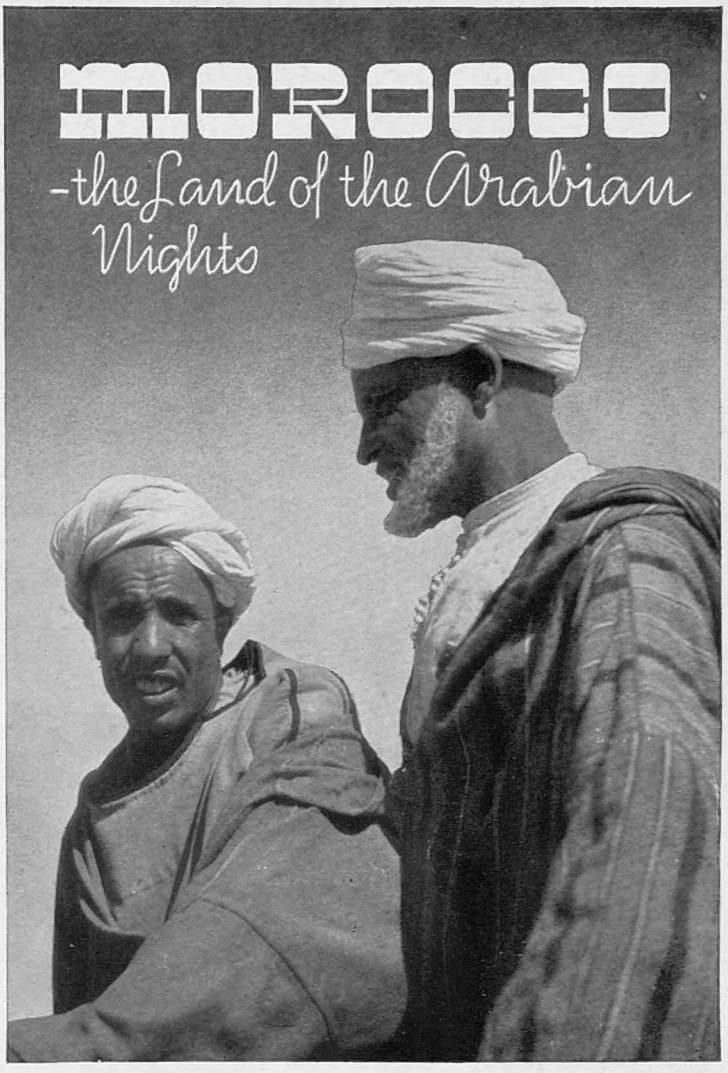
Prices: Prints 10/6 each. Hand Coloured £1.1.0

Orders with remittance, should be sent to The PUBLISHER, The

SPORTING AND DRAMATIC

ILLUSTRATED HOUSE, 32 ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

P.331



— where old cities of medieval times still have the glamour of the Arabian Nights,
— where you can travel in comfort and live in modern hotels,
— where the sun is warm and brilliant, the air crystal clear,
— where you can enjoy life and sport in a true dreamland of marvels.

MOROCCO

★ *SAVE UPWARDS OF 40%. Ask any Tourist Agency for illustrated folder and full particulars of inclusive tours with 40% reduction on the French Railways and 35% on the short sea routes of the French Line (Bordeaux-Casablanca) or the Cie. Paquet (Marseilles-Tangiers-Casablanca). Passengers have the option of returning by either route and breaking the journey without additional charge. Daily Air Service from London to Casablanca by Air France's new fleet of multi-engine Air-liners.*

£ NOW BUYS 40% MORE!

A Subscription to The SPHERE

It is a gift that will re-express your kindly thought for many months after some small token might be forgotten. Whether you are gift-giving at birthday, anniversary time or all the year round, solve the problem by entering subscriptions for The SPHERE. Never the slightest doubt as to the suitability of this great publication and you may be sure it will be appreciated.

For a friend overseas, an aged relative, a boy at school—or for 'one who has everything'—this famous illustrated newspaper will convey your good wishes for fifty-two weeks in succession.

For the modest sum below our Publisher will dispatch for you each week for a year—no worry, no wrapper writing, no fuss—just write to The Publisher, 32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. He will gladly do the rest.

Here are some of the regular Features

A LONDON NEWSLETTER: A weekly summarization of The World's affairs by "The Old Stager".

THE PETROL WORLD: An informative Motoring article by A. Percy Bradley.

PLAYS AND FILMS: by P. Page.

TRAVEL ARTICLES AND "SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU.

BOOK REVIEWS: by Vernon Fane.

TOPICAL ARTICLES: by C. Patrick Thompson, Charles Graves, J Murray Smith, J. Baker White and many others.

MOUNTAINEERING: by Professor Kenneth Mason.

FLYING NEWS: by C. D. Palmer.

INDIAN MATTERS: by 'Mauser'

SHIPPING NEWS: by Edwin Judd

AMERICAN AFFAIRS: by Nelson Springer.

Subscription RATES
Twelve Months, including Xmas Number.
Inland - - £3.0.10
Abroad - - £3.5. 6
(*Canada* £3. 0. 8)

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS ENTERED NOW WILL INCLUDE WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE THE DISPATCH OF THE CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS WHICH WILL BE PUBLISHED IN PLACE OF THE ORDINARY WEEKLY ISSUES DURING MAY, 1937

ILLUSTRATED HOUSE, 32-34, St. Bride St., London, E.C.4.